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Comic Captain Britain (2002) information

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Laura From 'Family Matters' is 43 Now and an Absolute Bombshell

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Lex From 'Jurassic Park' is an Absolute Bombshell Today at 39

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CAPTAIN BRITAIN



ALAN MOORE

ALAN DAVIS

ALAN DAVIS + VILLARRUBI



IT IS ENGLAND, BUT NOT OUR ENGLAND. A WORLD IS DYING IN AGONY, BUT IT IS NOT OUR WORLD. NOT YET...

THIS IS AN ALTERNATE BRITAIN, SIDEWAYS IN TIME FROM OUR OWN. THESE GENTLEMEN ARE THE STATUS CREW. THEY ARE IT'S PROTECTORS.

TEN YEARS AGO THEY SEIZED CONTROL OF THIS THEIR COUNTRY. IT WASN'T EASY FIRST, THEY HAD TO KILL ALL THE SUPERHEROES...

DEET DEET

SINCE THEN, HOWEVER, BRITAIN HAS BEEN RELATIVELY QUIET, MAYBE A LITTLE DEPRESSED, MAYBE A LITTLE DESPERATE... BUT QUIET.

AND THEN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, THINGS STARTED COMING UNSTUCK...

OH MY GOD... MAJOR? WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS PLEASE?

YOU SEE, ALL THE SUPERHEROES WERE DEAD... OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE ASSUMED UNTIL THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF...

AND FROM THAT POINT ON, THINGS BEGAN TO GO DOWNHILL FAST...

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S...

IT'S...

HELL...

CORRECT IT'S HELL... IT'S...

A CROOKED WORLD

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

METCOMB REPORTS FREAK WEATHER CONDITIONS SPREADING OVER THE COUNTRY. HAIL, HEAT LIGHTNING.

AM I SEEING THIS?

EARTH TREMOR ALONG THE EAST COAST, MAJOR...

...AND AS THE WORLD GOES CRAZY A LAST JIGSAW PIECE FALLS INTO PLACE IN THE MAJOR'S MIND...

THAT SUPERHERO, CAPTAIN BRITAIN THE WOMAN, SATURNINE AND HER FOLLOWERS. INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS THAT THEY ARE AGENTS FROM A PARALLEL WORLD.

ADD THAT TO THE REPORTS OF TAMPERING WITH THE RESERVOIR EARLIER TODAY, ALONG WITH THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT, AND THE SITUATION BECOMES OBVIOUS...

GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE WE ARE BEING INVADDED BY CREATURES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION.

WE HAVE NO CHOICE, GENTLEMEN. WE MUST UNLEASH THE FLURY!!

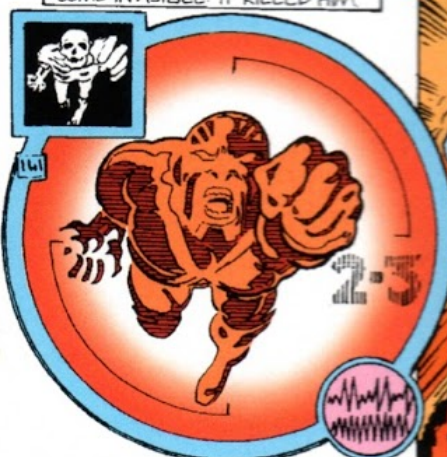


THE CYBIOT MOVES CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS ITS FALLEN PREY. ITS FEELER CIRCUITS ESTIMATING DAMAGE, ITS BIO-FILLAMENTS PROBING FOR LIFE-SIGNS.



THE SUPERHERO IS STILL ALIVE. HE HAS SOME FORM OF FORCE FIELD AROUND HIM. THERE IS AN 85% PROBABILITY THAT HE IS PLANNING A COUNTER-ATTACK.

THE FURY DOESN'T WORRY. IT IS USED TO SUPERHEROES AND THEIR STRANGE POWERS. TEN YEARS AGO IT BATTLED THE IRON TALLON WHO COULD BECOME INVISIBLE. IT KILLED HIM.



IT BATTLED COLONEL TUSKER AND HIS KILLER TOYS. IT BATTLED THE ATOMIC POWERHOUSE CALLED MIRACLEMAN. IT KILLED THEM. IT HAS BECOME USED TO SUPERHEROES.



...FINDS THEM WANTING!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE CAPTAIN HIT IT WITH EVERYTHING HE'S GOT AND IT JUST BRUSHED HIM OFF!

THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S AN AMATEUR JACKDAW!

AVANT GUARD... ATOMISE THAT BRUTE!



IT ISN'T EVEN LOOKING AT US!

WELCOME TO THE AMATEUR HOUR YOUR WHYNNESS!



THIS IS ALL TOO MUCH! THE PUSK HAS GONE WRONG, THE WORLD IS FALLING TO PIECES AND NOW THIS THING SHOWS UP! IT'S TIME TO CUT MY LOSSES!

AVANT GUARD... TO MY SIDE! WARP FORMATION! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!



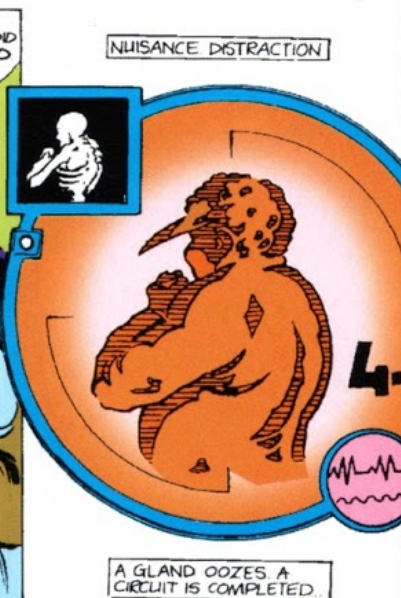
YOU'RE WHAT?? YOU CAN'T LEAVE THE CAPTAIN AND ME TO FACE THIS THING ON OUR OWN! YOU...



YOU CAN...

YOUR WHYNNESS

SATURNYNE!

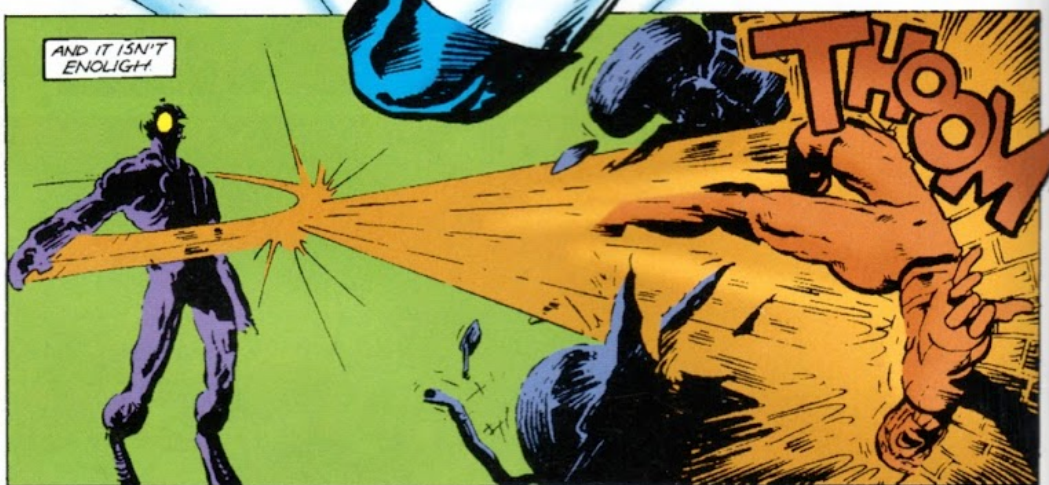


THE PAIN AND GRIEF BOIL UP FROM HIS THROAT IN A SOUL-WRENCHING SCREAM. HE COILS AND LEAPS, EVERY MUSCLE SHRIEKING WITH THE DESIRE TO KILL!!



YOU MURDERED HIM!

HE WAS MY ONLY FRIEND AND YOU MURDERED HIM!



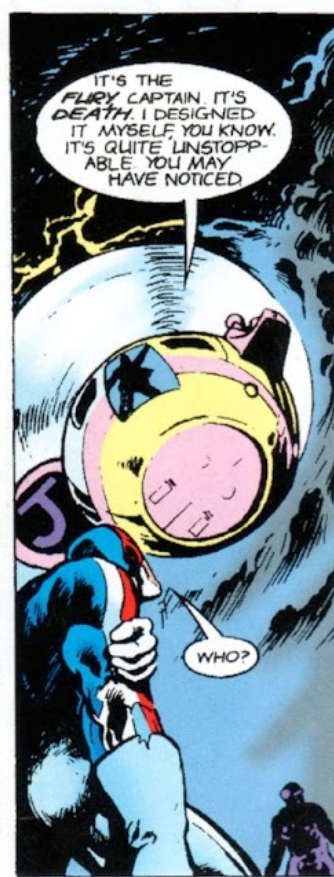
AND IT ISN'T ENOUGH

THOOOM



IT'S BROKEN MY ARM! BUT THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE! MY FORCE-FIELD IT-IT.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS THING?



IT'S THE FLURY CAPTAIN. IT'S DEATH. I DESIGNED IT MYSELF YOU KNOW. IT'S QUITE LINSTOPPABLE. YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

WHO?



CLIMB ABOARD, CAPTAIN! PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO JOIN ME IN A POT OF TEA. DON'T WORRY. THERE'LL BE ROOM FOR BOTH OF US! HA HA!

I'M THE MAN WITH THE ANSWERS, CAPTAIN! I'M THE UPSIDE DOWN BOX AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE!



I'M MAD JIM JASPERS.

I THINK WE'VE MET.

IT IS FLESH. IT IS METAL. IT IS A CYBIOTE. IT IS CALLED THE FURY. IT KILLS SUPER-HEROES. IT IS FAST, CLEVER, LETHAL, INVULNERABLE.



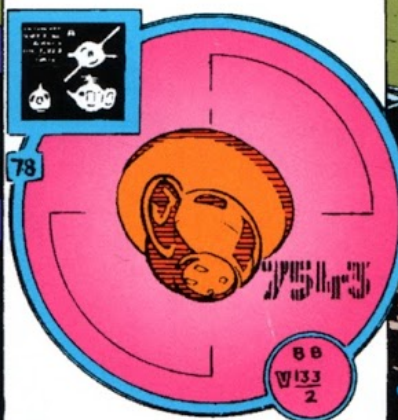
IT NEVER GIVES UP

NOT EVEN WHEN THE ALTERNATE EARTH, IT WAS CREATED TO PROTECT, GOES HORRIBLY AND INEXPLICABLY MAD ALL ABOUT IT.



NOT EVEN WHEN IT'S INTENDED VICTIM IS SNATCHED FROM ITS GRASP BY A DEVICE WHICH CANNOT EXIST. NOT EVEN THEN.

IT HAS A JOB TO DO. IT HAS TO KILL A SUPER-HUMAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD. IT NEVER GIVES UP.



DATA-IMPULSES CRACKLE ALONG ITS SPINEWIRES. IT ESTIMATES VELOCITY AND TRAJECTORY. IT BALANCES AN EERIE INTUITION AGAINST A COLD, ALIEN INTELLECT.

...AND THEN WITH A SILENCE THAT IS CHILLING IN ANYTHING SO BIG, IT TURNS.



...AND MELTS INTO THE GATHERING FOG LIKE THE SHADOW OF A NIGHTMARE.

A NIGHTMARE THAT WILL SOON BECOME A TERRIBLE REALITY FOR

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

GRAVEYARD SHIFT



ALRIGHT, JASPERS! I WANT SOME ANSWERS AND I WANT THEM NOW!



YOU'RE SOMEHOW BEHIND ALL THIS AREN'T YOU? YOU WERE THE FIRST PERSON I MET WHEN I ARRIVED ON THIS INSANE, PARALLEL WORLD

SINCE THEN A WOMAN I TRIED TO HELP HAS BETRAYED ME, SOME KIND OF MECHANICAL HORROR HAS BROKEN MY ARM, REALITY HAS GONE HAYWIRE AND JACKDAW... HE HE'S...



JACKDAW'S DEAD.

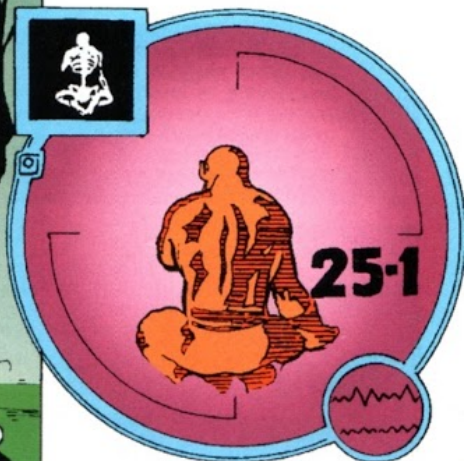
A TRAGEDY, CAPTAIN. SHOCKING. AND HIM SO YOUNG...



KISS ME QUICK!

BUT NOT TO WORRY, EH? THE KETTLE'S ON AND THE POT'S WARMING. LET'S HAVE A NICE COSY NATTER, CAPTAIN. JUST YOU, ME...





IT KNEW HE WOULD BE HERE. IT CAME TO MEET HIM.

RANGE: POINT BLANK. RESISTANCE NEGLIGIBLE. A GLAND OOZES. A CIRCUIT IS COMPLETED..



IN THE END, THE DARKNESS SWALLOWS EVERYTHING. SPACE VANISHES. TIME IS NO LONGER EVEN A MEMORY. ALL IS LOST IN THE LIMB AND SILENT DEPTHS OF FOREVER.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS DEAD

AND WHAT THEN? WHEN THE FLESH IS DISCARDED IS ANYTHING LEFT? IS THERE A LIGHT THAT PIERCES THAT TERRIBLE FINAL SHADOW? SOME SAY YES. SOME SAY NO.

SOME PRETEND NOT TO CARE. BUT THEY DO. WE ALL DO. ALL OF US FRAGILE AND TEMPORARY THINGS.

ARE THERE CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS BEYOND THE FIELDS OF LIFE? ARE THERE SOARING IMMORTAL SPIRES THAT SHINE WITH A PURE AND HEARTBREAKING BEAUTY?

ALONE ON OUR TINY BALL OF MUD WE STAND SHOUTING QUESTIONS AT A DEAF SKY. WHERE WILL WE BE WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?

AND THERE IS NO ANSWER AND SO WE BUSY OURSELVES WITH THE TASK OF IGNORING OUR MORTALITY. WE MAKE GLORIOUS WAR. WE MAKE ANGRY GODS. WE MAKE SAD AND BITTER LOVE.

BUT BETWEEN OUR FRANTIC LABOURS THERE ARE CHINKS OF SILENCE. MOMENTS WHEN WE HEAR THE SMALL AND FRIGHTENED VOICE THAT WHISPERS IN THE LONG NIGHT.

"WHERE? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?"

WILL THERE BE VAST PALACES ALIVE WITH LIGHT AND LAUGHTER? WILL THERE BE PEOPLE THERE, WAITING BEYOND THAT LAST GREY CURTAIN?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE WILL THEY BE?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT, OH WHAT, WILL THEY THINK OF US?

WE ARE READY, MY LOVE. THE COMPLEX ABOUT US SINGS WITH THE POWER OF A THOUSAND SUNS.

ARE THE RELICS IN THEIR APPOINTED PLACE? THE CHARRED AND PITIFUL FRAGMENTS THAT ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF...

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

THEY'RE HERE FATHER, SUSPENDED IN THE STASIS FIELD. ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT WE CAN SUCCEED IN THIS?

THERE'S SO LITTLE OF HIM LEFT...

a rag, a bone, a hank of hair...

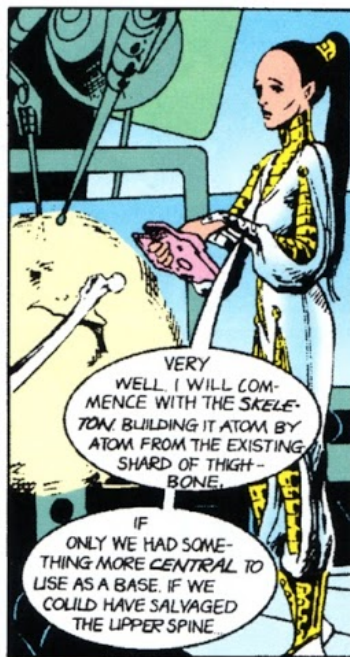
CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS,
LETTERER - JENNY O'CONNOR,
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE.



NOTHING IS CERTAIN MY JEWEL. IF WE HAD BEEN ABLE TO PLUCK HIM SOONER FROM THAT DIRE ALTERNATE WORLD AND BRING HIM HERE

IF THAT WORLD HAD NOT BEEN IN THE GRIP OF A REALITY-STORM THAT THWARTED EVEN MY ABILITIES...

"IF": AN EMPTY WORD. LET US PROCEED



VERY WELL. I WILL COMMENCE WITH THE SKELETON. BUILDING IT ATOM BY ATOM FROM THE EXISTING SHARD OF THIGH-BONE.

IF ONLY WE HAD SOMETHING MORE CENTRAL TO USE AS A BASE. IF WE COULD HAVE SALVAGED THE UPPER SPINE



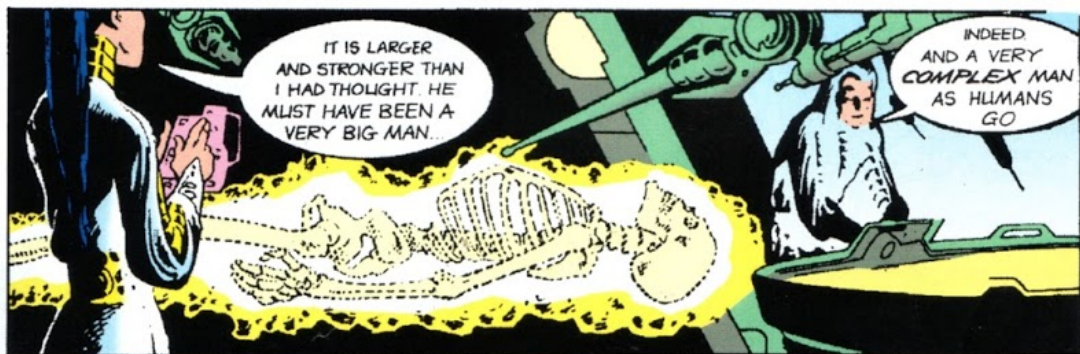
"IF" YOU COMPLAIN TOO MUCH, DAUGHTER. YOU HAVE ONLY TO RECREATE A HUMAN BODY. MINE IS BY FAR THE MORE ARDUOUS TASK.

I MUST PIECE TOGETHER THE SPLINTERS OF A DEAD PERSONALITY. I MUST REBUILD HIS MIND, HIS DREAMS, HIS MEMORY.



...HIS SOUL.

IT'S WORKING. FATHER THE SKELETON IS COALESCING FROM THE BIO-FOG.



IT IS LARGER AND STRONGER THAN I HAD THOUGHT. HE MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY BIG MAN...

INDEED. AND A VERY COMPLEX MAN AS HUMANS GO



LET US SEE JUST HOW COMPLEX...

LET US STIR THE WATERS OF A HUMAN MIND AND SEE WHAT MAY BE READ WITHIN THE WIDENING SILVER RIPPLES...



LET US SEE WHAT IMAGES GLIDE LIKE PHOSPHORESCENT FISH THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF ONE MAN'S LIFETIME. LET US SEEK TO ANSWER THAT MOST VAST OF QUESTIONS...

WHO WAS BRIAN BRADDOCK?



"AHN THERE WE SEE HIM. A CHILD, ONE OF TWINS WITH HIS SISTER ELIZABETH BORN TO A FAMILY WHO WERE NO LONGER QUITE WEALTHY ENOUGH."

"TOO POOR TO ASSOCIATE WITH HIS ARISTOCRATIC PEERS. TOO AROUD TO SEEK THE COMPANY OF THE LOWER CLASSES. HE WAS, I THINK, A LONELY CHILD."



"AND AS HE GREW, THE LONELINESS GREW WITH HIM. GIFTED WITH A GRASP OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND THE RATIONAL HE IMMERSSED HIMSELF IN THE STUDY OF PHYSICS."

"A COLD AND EXACT SCIENCE. THERE WAS LITTLE ROOM IN HIS LIFE FOR THE WARMTH OF FRIENDSHIP, OR FOR THE AMBIGUITIES OF LOVE."

"NATURALLY, HE WAS NOT WITHOUT PHYSICAL NEEDS HE SATISFIED THESE WITH BRIEF AND SHALLOW RELATIONSHIPS THAT LEFT HIS PRIVATE, INNER SELF UNTOUCHED"



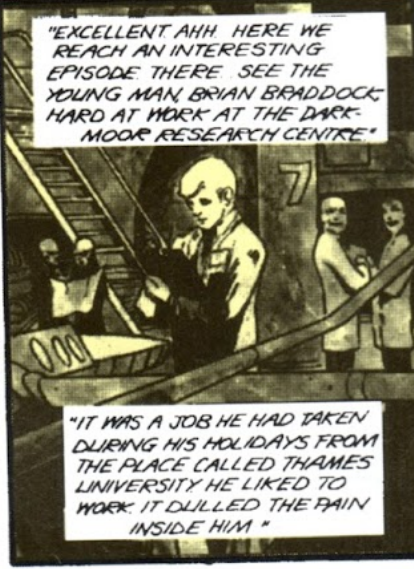
"HE WAS PURSUING ONE OF THESE RELATIONSHIPS THE NIGHT HIS PARENTS DIED THE GUILT HE FELT AT NOT BEING THERE WHEN HIS PARENTS DIED WAS IMMENSE AND TERRIBLE"



FASCINATING IS IT NOT? HOW DEATH AND DESTINY CONSPIRED TO DRIVE HIM FURTHER INTO THE LONELY, ALIENATED VOID WITHIN HIMSELF?

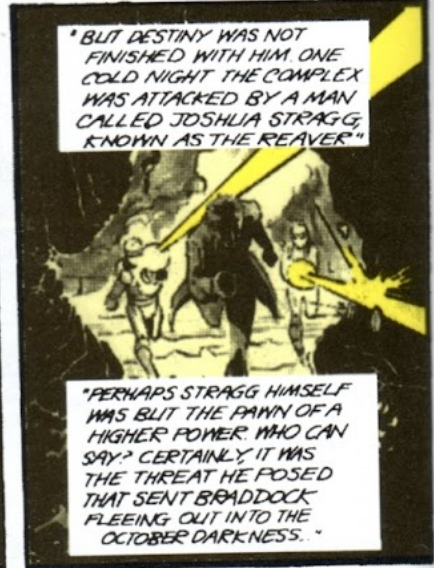
ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK THAT IT HAD ALL BEEN PLANNED

YES, ONE WOULD. THE SKELETON IS COMPLETED, FATHER.



"EXCELLENT AHH HERE WE REACH AN INTERESTING EPISODE THERE SEE THE YOUNG MAN, BRIAN BRADDOCK HARD AT WORK AT THE DARKMOOR RESEARCH CENTRE"

"IT WAS A JOB HE HAD TAKEN DURING HIS HOLIDAYS FROM THE PLACE CALLED THAMES UNIVERSITY HE LIKED TO WORK. IT DULLED THE PAIN INSIDE HIM"



"BUT DESTINY WAS NOT FINISHED WITH HIM. ONE COLD NIGHT THE COMPLEX WAS ATTACKED BY A MAN CALLED JOSHUA STRAGG, KNOWN AS THE REAVER"

"PERHAPS STRAGG HIMSELF WAS BUT THE PAWN OF A HIGHER POWER WHO CAN SAY? CERTAINLY, IT WAS THE THREAT HE POSED THAT SENT BRADDOCK FLEEING OUT INTO THE OCTOBER DARKNESS."



"OTHERWISE HE MIGHT NOT HAVE STUMBLED ACROSS THE GROUP OF STANDING STONES AT THE HEART OF DARKMOOR HE MIGHT NOT HAVE SEEN HIS VISION."

HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN URGED BY THOSE TOWERING PRESENCES TO TAKE UP THE MYSTIC AMULET THAT WAS TO CHANGE HIS VERY EXISTENCE



HE MIGHT HAVE REMAINED HUMAN. DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THAT, FATHER? ABOUT WHAT HIS LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAD IT NOT BEEN INTERFERED WITH?

HE COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY DOESN'T THAT CONCERN YOU?



NO. HE WAS NEEDED ONE HUMAN'S HAPPINESS MATTERS LITTLE COMPARED TO THE FATE OF WORLDS HAVE YOU COMPLETED HIS DNA STRUCTURE?

YES, IT WAS DIFFICULT HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ALTERED GENETICALLY DURING HIS STAY ON THE PARALLEL EARTH. THE BONDING IRREGULARITIES ARE DIFFERENT



NO MATTER PROCEED AS PLANNED WHILE I PROCEED TO UNRAVEL THE LIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE BEING CALLED CAPTAIN BRITAIN

IT MUST HAVE BEEN STRANGE FOR HIM, A RATIONAL AND COLDLY SCIENTIFIC CREATURE, SUDDENLY TRANSMUTED BY AN AMULET THAT WAS THE PRODUCT OF MAGIC.

"BECAUSE HE STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC, YOU SEE, HE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO HIS RIGID SCIENTIFIC LOGIC, DESPITE WHAT HE HAD BECOME."



"HE WAS TRYING TO DENY THE POWER THAT HAD TOUCHED HIM BUT TO NO AVAIL FOR THERE WAS A SIDE OF HIM THAT RESPONDED TO THOSE ELDritch INSTINCTS."

"AND AT LAST THIS DARK SIDE OF HIS PERSONALITY ASSERTED ITSELF HE BECAME ENTANGLED WITH VAMPIRES, DIRE WOLVES, CHILDREN OF THE SHADOWLANDS."

"FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS HE DEFINED HIMSELF AS A SUPERHERO, LOSING HIMSELF IN MINDLESS BATTLES WITH FOES WHO WERE THE SPAWN OF AN AMOK TECHNOLOGY."

"THUS DID SCIENCE AND SORCERY STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY WITHIN HIS TORTURED MIND THE BREAKDOWN FINALLY CAME IN MID-FLIGHT OVER THE ATLANTIC."



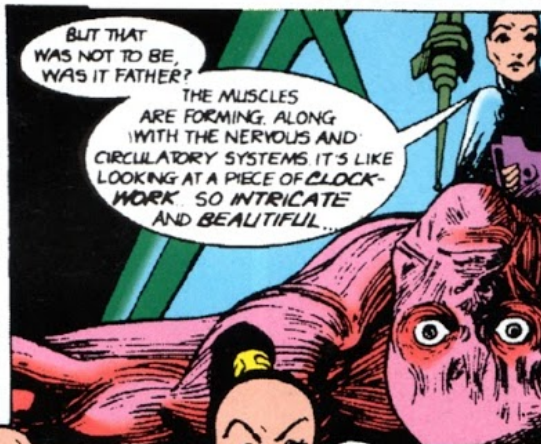
"... AND THIS HE CAME TO BE WASHED UP UPON A BEACH IN CORNWALL, ALL THE PAIN AND CONFLICT IN HIS MIND LOST WITHIN THE WHITE FOGS OF AMNESIA."



"HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS OR WHAT FORCES HAD DRIVEN HIM TO THAT PLACE HE ONLY HOPED THAT THEY WOULD FINALLY LEAVE HIM ALONE."

BUT THAT WAS NOT TO BE, WAS IT FATHER?

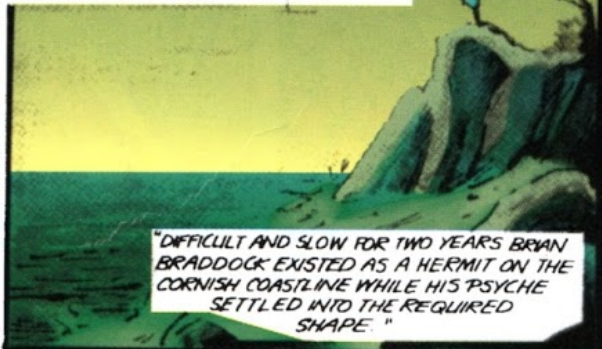
THE MUSCLES ARE FORMING, ALONG WITH THE NERVOUS AND CIRCULATORY SYSTEMS IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT A PIECE OF CLOCKWORK, SO INTRICATE AND BEAUTIFUL...



AH, MY PRECIOUS SENTIMENTAL CHILD. WE ARE NOT SO VERY ALIKE, ARE WE? WHERE YOU SEE BEAUTY, JOY AND PAIN I SEE ONLY NECESSITY.

AND WHEN I FIRST BECAME AWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT THAT FACED THE OMNIVERSE I SAW THE NECESSITY OF A CHAMPION TO STAND AGAINST IT

"BUT CREATING THAT CHAMPION, SHAPING A WHOLE BEING WHOSE SOUL STOOD ON THE BORDERLANDS OF BOTH SCIENCE AND SUPERNATURE THAT WAS THE DIFFICULT PART"



"DIFFICULT AND SLOW FOR TWO YEARS BRIAN BRADDOCK EXISTED AS A HERMIT ON THE CORNISH COASTLINE WHILE HIS PSYCHE SETTLED INTO THE REQUIRED SHAPE."

"BEFORE HE WAS CALLED UPON TO FIGHT AGAIN, ALONGSIDE THE CHAMPION KNOWN AS THE BLACK KNIGHT IN THE SERVICE OF MERLIN."



"MERLIN BRADDOCK SAW HIM AS A FATHERLY OLD MAN, AN IMAGE HE RESPONDED TO WITH ALL THE DEDICATION HE FELT HE DENIED HIS NATURAL FATHER."

"WHAT ADVENTURES THEY WERE IT WAS HIS RATIONAL SIDE THAT WAS SUPPRESSED NOW AS HE FOUGHT AGAINST TROLLS AND OGRES, DEMONS AND NIGHT GAUNTS."



"AND IN FIGHTING, HE DIED, HIS SPIRIT DRIFTING ALMOST TO THE JAWS OF EXISTENCE BEFORE IT WAS RESCUED BY THE ALL-WISE BEING CALLED MERLIN."

"HE WAS TAKEN TO A REALM CALLED OTHERWORLD, WHICH HE SAW AS A PLACE OF ANCIENT TOWERS AND TRANQUIL MEDIEVAL SLENDOR."

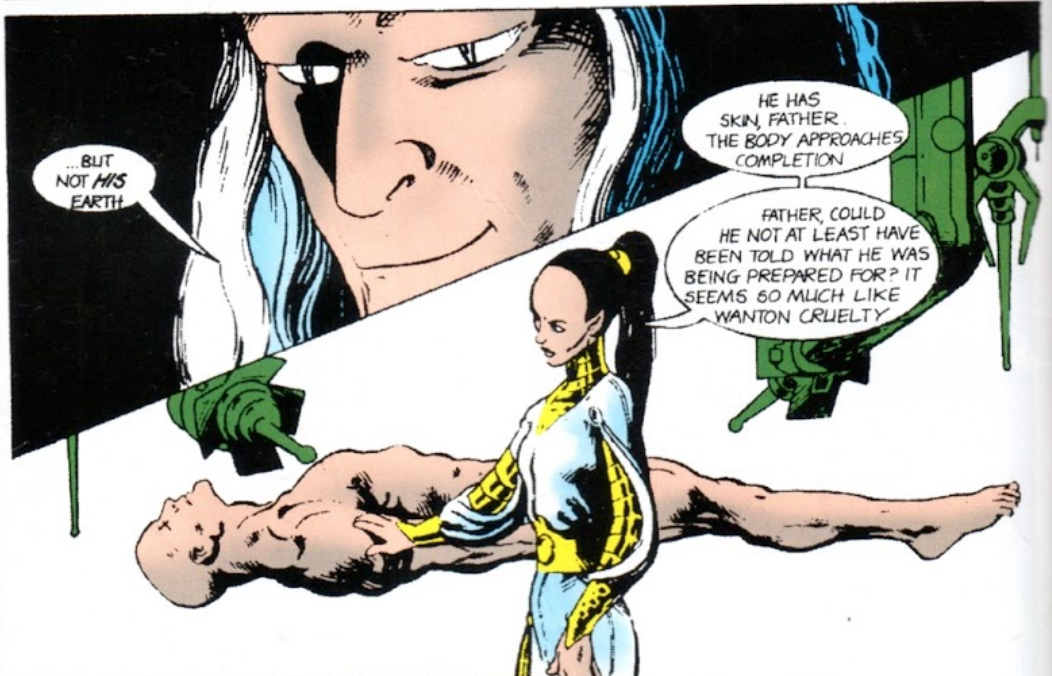


"THERE THE TWO OPPOSING HALVES OF HIS WARRING SOUL WERE AT LAST RECONCILED INTO ONE WHOLE BEING. AT LAST HE WAS AT PEACE..."

"BUT IT WAS NOT THE END OF HIS DUTIES, IT WAS MERELY THE END OF HIS APPRENTICESHIP OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT."



"INDEED, BEFORE HE COULD FACE THE TASK FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN CREATED, THERE WAS STILL ONE FINAL TEST HIS APPEARANCE CHANGED, HE WAS RETURNED TO EARTH."



"...BUT NOT HIS EARTH."

"HE HAS SKIN, FATHER. THE BODY APPROACHES COMPLETION."

"FATHER, COULD HE NOT AT LEAST HAVE BEEN TOLD WHAT HE WAS BEING PREPARED FOR? IT SEEMS SO MUCH LIKE WANTON CRUELTY."

"NOT CRUELTY, MY PALE FLOWER. NECESSITY."

"SHOULD WE SUCCEED HERE THE GREATEST BATTLE OF CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S LIFE IS STILL BEFORE HIM. IT IS VITAL THAT HE APPROACHES IT WITH AN OPEN MIND."

"ALL THAT COULD BE DONE WAS TO GIVE HIM HINTS OF ITS NATURE AND HOPE THAT HE COULD LEARN FROM THEM."



"THAT WAS WHY HE WAS SENT TO THE ALTERNATE EARTH WITH ONLY THE BRAVE AND NOBLE ELF JACKDAW AS HIS COMPANION."

"POOR LITTLE JACKDAW. IF ONLY I HAD BEEN ABLE TO RISK SAVING HIM WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE CHANCES OF SAVING CAPTAIN BRITAIN HIMSELF."



"IF"



"THE BRUTAL STATUS CREW, THE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL MEDDLER CALLED SATURNINE, AND THE VERY HEART OF THE HORROR, THE REALITY-WARPING MUTANT KNOWN AS MAD JIM JASPERS."



"IT TOOK HIM SOME WHILE TO REALISE THAT JASPERS WAS THE CAUSE OF THE LUNACY HE WAS EXPERIENCING, AND WHEN FINALLY HE DID, HE FLED IN TERROR."

STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF JASPER'S MOST LETHAL CREATION."



"IT WAS CALLED THE FLURY, IT WAS A CYBIOTE, A HORRIBLE BLEND OF THE ORGANIC AND THE MECHANICAL. IT WAS WHOLLY INDESTRUCTIBLE AND ENTIRELY DEADLY."

"IT HAD BEEN DESIGNED BY JASPERS TO RID HIS WORLD OF ALL SUPER-BEINGS, SAVE HIMSELF CAPTAIN BRITAIN BECAME ITS ONLY REMAINING TARGET."



"ONCE UNLEASHED IT WAS UNSTOPPABLE, IT WOULD NEVER GIVE UP, WHATEVER THE OBSTACLE."

"IT HUNTED HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG, WAITING UNTIL HIS MORALE AND STRENGTH WERE AT THEIR LOWEST EBB, AND THEN..."



"IT KILLED HIM."



AND THERE WE HAVE IT... THE BRIEF AND FASCINATING LIFE OF CAPTAIN BRITAIN. THE JIGSAW PIECES OF HIS MIND ARE LOCKED TOGETHER IN ORDER ONCE MORE.

I ONLY FEAR THAT IT IS THE CORRECT ORDER. I PRAY THAT HE IS NOT MADE FOREVER INSANE BY HIS EXPERIENCES, FOR HIS SAKE FOR ALL OUR SAKE.



THE BODY IS COMPLETED, FATHER, AND THE COSTUME IS FORMING SWIFTLY. I HAVE MADE THE POWER ADJUSTMENTS THAT YOU REQUIRED.

THE POWER NOW LIES WITHIN HIM, WITH HIS COSTUME AS AN AMPLIFIER HIS FORCE FIELD HAS BEEN LIMITED AND HIS PERCEPTIONS ENHANCED HE IS READY.



THEN LET US COMMIT THE FINAL ACT LET US PLUCK THIS SPIRIT FROM THE POOL OF BEING...



LET US RAISE IT ALOFT, A PULSING JEWEL OF LIFE AND CONSCIOUSNESS SEPARATED FROM ITS MORTAL SHELL BY THE MEREST HEARTBEAT...

LET THERE BE A JOINING.



LET THERE
BE LIFE!

HE WAS IN A GRAVEYARD. HE
WAS IN DESPAIR. DEATH
TOOK HIM FROM BEHIND A
SEARING BOLT OF BLISTER-
ING FLAME. HE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO SCREAM...

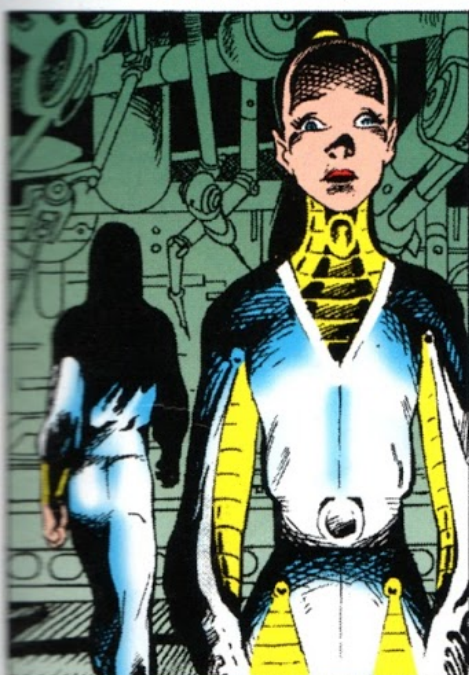
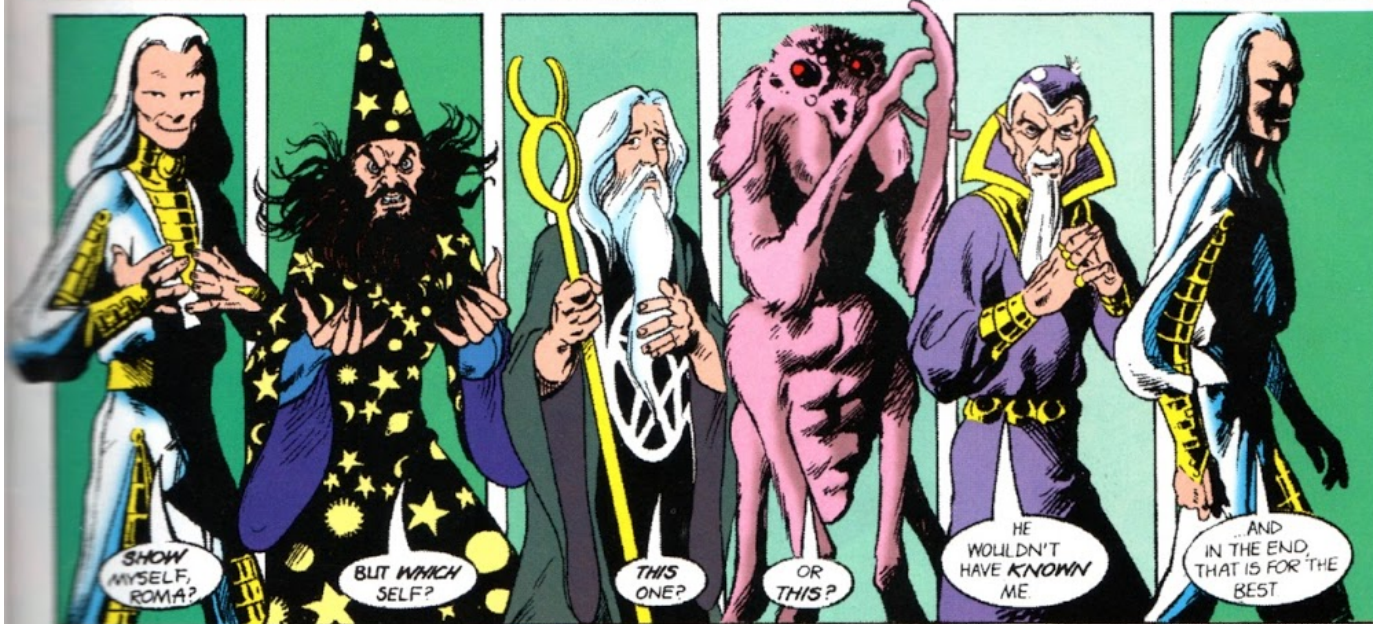
HE SCREAMS NOW. THE SCREAM
STARTS ON A PLANE BEYOND
TIME, BEYOND SPACE, BEYOND
LIFE AND DEATH. THE SCREAM
ENDS ON...

ZOOOOOOOO

...DARKMOOR, SEPTEMBER
THE EIGHTH, 1982

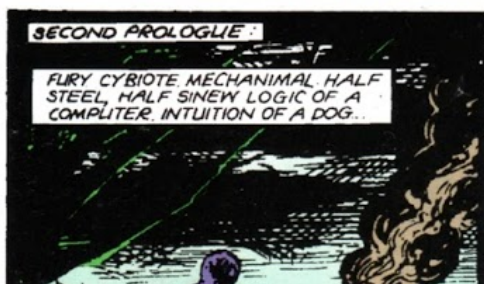
D-DARK MOOR.
I-I'M ALIVE.

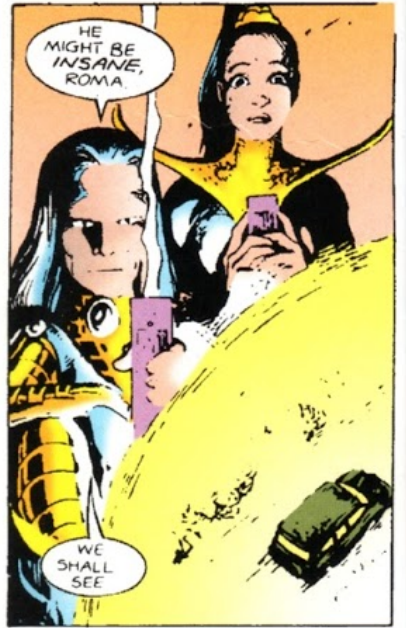
I'M ALIVE
AND I'M ON
DARKMOOR





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PART OF ME WANTS TO ACCEPT THIS... THAT BRADDOCK MANOR IS STILL STANDING. THIS IS WHERE I GREW UP. ME AND JAMIE AND BETSY... MUM... AND DAD...

BUT IT CAN'T BE. IT CAN'T.

MASTER BRIAN! YOU'VE COME HOME!



EMMA? EMMA COLLINS? YOU'RE STILL HERE?

BLESS YOU, MASTER BRIAN. WHERE SHOULD I BE? I'VE BEEN CHARRING FOR THE BRADDOCKS' BEST PART OF MY LIFE. YOU KNOW THAT.

OOH. WAIT TILL I TELL YOUR MUM AND DAD THAT YOU'RE BACK FROM UNIVERSITY! THEY'LL BE THAT CHIFFED.



MUM AND DAD? BUT EMMA... YOU CAN'T TELL MUM AND DAD...

JUST YOU TRY AND STOP ME! I DON'T GET MANY PLEASURES IN LIFE JUST TO SEE THE LOOK ON MRS BRADDOCK'S FACE WHEN I TELL HER...



BUT MUM AND DAD ARE DEAD. EMMA.

THEY'RE DEAD.

BUT SHE'S GONE. FOOT-STEPS VANISHING INTO THE THICK REVERBERANT SHADOWS. SHE'S GONE. IF INDEED SHE WAS EVER REALLY THERE...



MAD. I MUST BE MAD. PERHAPS I'VE BEEN MAD ALL ALONG. PERHAPS THE WHOLE OF MY LIFE AS CAPTAIN BRITAIN HAS BEEN AN ILLUSION. PERHAPS...

NO! I'VE GOT TO THINK! MUM AND DAD ARE DEAD. THEY'RE DEAD BECAUSE THEY WERE ELECTROCUTED. THEY'RE DEAD BECAUSE I DIDN'T HELP THEM BECAUSE I WAS WITH...

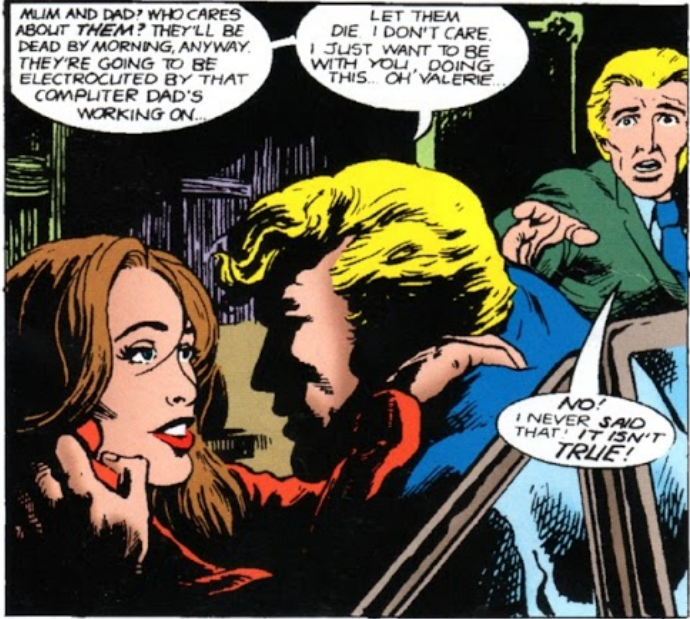
VALERIE. OH VALERIE.



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER... THE FIRST TIME...

RELAX AND ENJOY IT, BRIAN. WE'VE GOT ALL NIGHT. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER? WON'T THEY WORRY? WON'T THEY MIND?

NO. OH GOD. NO...



MUM AND DAD? WHO CARES ABOUT THEM? THEY'LL BE DEAD BY MORNING, ANYWAY. THEY'RE GOING TO BE ELECTROCUTED BY THAT COMPLITER DAD'S WORKING ON...

LET THEM DIE. I DON'T CARE. I JUST WANT TO BE WITH YOU, DOING THIS... OH VALERIE...

NO! I NEVER SAID THAT. IT ISN'T TRUE!



I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GOING TO DIE! I DIDN'T KNOW!

NOT TRUE. IT ISN'T TRUE.

BUT THE CAR HAS GONE. THE ENTWINED YOUNG BODIES HAVE GONE. HE IS TALKING TO AN EMPTY ROOM.

"A SUCCESS? POSSIBLY, ROMA. IT IS TOO EARLY TO SAY CERTAINLY, WE REBUILT HIS BODY QUITE ADEQUATELY BUT HIS MIND... DID WE DO AS MUCH FOR HIS MIND?"



"HE WALKS. HE WALKS THROUGH A HOUSE THAT CANNOT EXIST, LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE NO LONGER ALIVE. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S HEADING UNTIL HE GETS THERE."

THE BASEMENT.



COME IN, SON.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, YOUR MOTHER AND I.



COULDN'T YOU HAVE COME SOONER? YOU KNOW HOW WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ESPECIALLY NOW WE'RE DEAD. IT'S LONELY BEING DEAD, BRIAN.

OH HUSH, FATHER. LEAVE THE LAD ALONE. HE'S GOT HIS OWN LIFE TO LEAD. I EXPECT HE'S BEEN WITH THAT GIRL, THAT VALERIE. HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR DEAD PEOPLE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU RING AND TELL US YOU WERE COMING, BRIAN? IT WOULD HAVE GIVEN US TIME TO GET READY. I DO SO HATE ANYONE SEEING ME LIKE THIS...



JUST LIKE A WOMAN, EH, BRIAN? I KEEP TELLING HER... "ELIZABETH" I SAY. "WE'RE DEAD NOW." NOBODY EXPECTS US TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES NOW THAT WE'RE DEAD.

DAD... MUM... I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY...



TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW, SON! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SORRY WHEN YOU WERE OUT GETTING UP TO MONKEY BUSINESS WITH THAT CHEAP LITTLE TART...

FATHER! LANGUAGE! WE MAY BE DEAD BUT WE'VE STILL GOT STANDARDS!



NO HE'S RIGHT, MUM. HE'S RIGHT. I LET YOU DOWN. I LET YOU DIE...

YES WELL LEAST SAID SOONEST MENDED YOU'RE HOME NOW. TO STAY YOUR ROOM'S JUST AS YOU LEFT IT. WE'VE NOT THROWN ANYTHING OUT.

DON'T RUSH THE BOY, FATHER. HE HASN'T SAID HE WANTS TO STAY IT'LL MEAN SOME CHANGES. HE'LL HAVE TO BE DEAD LIKE US. IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS...



YES THAT'S WHAT I WANT

I WANT TO BE DEAD LIKE YOU

I WANT US TO BE TOGETHER



MAD BECAUSE YOU USED ME! MAD BECAUSE YOU TWISTED MY LOVE AND GRIEF AND TURNED IT INTO A WEAPON AGAINST ME!

MAD! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, COMPUTER!

KILL YOU! LIKE YOU KILLED MY PARENTS!!

WAIT GOT TO GET A GRIP IM ACTING AS IF I REALLY WAS A LUNATIC.

THAT COMPUTER'S DEADLY AND SMASHING THESE INSTRUMENT BANKS ISN'T HURTING IT BUT WITHOUT MY HELMET MY FORCE FIELD ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO DEFLECT THESE LASERS FOREVER

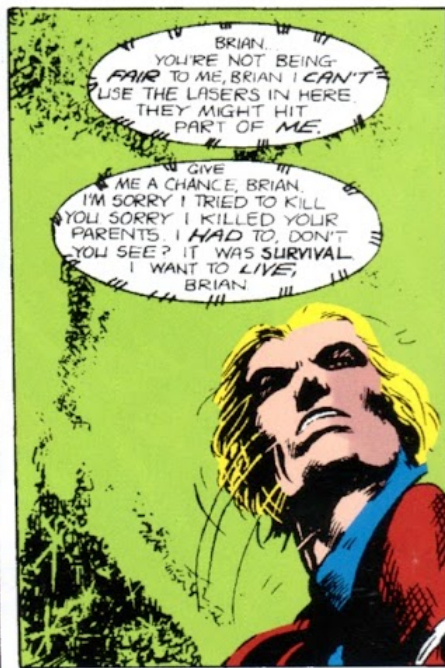
I'M A RATIONAL CREATURE GOT TO START BEHAVING LIKE ONE OKAY, IF THESE INSTRUMENT BANKS AREN'T VITAL TO THE COMPUTER'S FUNCTION...

...THEN THE HEART OF THE COMPUTER MUST BE SOMEWHERE ELSE I CAN ALMOST SENSE IT... COLD HUMMING, NOT ALIVE... BEHIND THESE WALLS.

HERE!

GOOD GOD

THE CAVERN IS VAST, FLOODED WITH AN EERIE SUBMINE LIGHT STALACTITES DRIP FROM THE CEILING STALACTITES CRUSTED WITH CIRCUITRY...



EPICLOGUE
MANY HOURS
LATER.

THERE, I
THINK THAT'S
DONE IT. I'VE RE-
PROGRAMMED THE
COMPUTER SO IT DOESN'T
HAVE A PERSONALITY
OF ITS OWN ANY-
MORE

IT WAS
RIGHT ABOUT ONE
THING... IT'S FAR TOO
ADVANCED TO
SIMPLY DESTROY
ESPECIALLY WHEN I
CAN PUT IT TO WORK
FOR ME

I WONDER WHY I COULD
SEE THE MANSION WHEN
EVERYONE ELSE SAW THE
HOLOGRAPHIC RUINS?
AND THEN THERE'S ALL
THOSE OTHER INTUITIONS
I'VE BEEN HAVING?

IT'S ALMOST AS IF MY
PERCEPTIONS HAVE BEEN
ENHANCED SOMEHOW. BUT
BY WHO? FORGET IT. FIGURE IT
OUT ANOTHER DAY.
I'M TIRED

AND THE
HOUSE, I'VE GOT
TO GET THE HOUSE IN
ORDER AND WORK OUT
WHAT TO DO ABOUT EMMA
TOMORROW. I'LL DO IT
ALL TOMORROW.

THIS
IS GREAT BEING
HOME AFTER ALL
THIS TIME.

AND I'VE GOT A
READY-MADE HEAD-
QUARTERS INTO THE
BARGAIN... AN IDEAL PLACE
TO CENTRE MY ACTIVITIES
AS CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.

WITH A SECRET
COMPUTER-LINED
CAVE THROWN IN FOR
GOOD MEASURE. SHOULD
I GIVE IT A NAME?
MAYBE "THE
BRIT-CAVE"

SILLY,
BRIAN.
SILLY.

MAYBE AT LAST I'LL GET
SOME PEACE AND QUIET...
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO
PICK UP THE THREADS OF MY
LIFE AS BRIAN BRADDOCK
AGAIN...

THE
BEST OF IT IS, EVERY-
ONE ELSE THINKS THIS
PLACE IS A RUIN. PERFECT
COVER SHOULD I CHANGE
THAT OR LEAVE IT HOW
IT IS? HMM TOMORROW...

ANYWAY WHATEVER HAPPENS,
I'VE GOT MYSELF SOME TIME
FREE OF INTERRUPTIONS

NOBODY
KNOWS I'M
HERE...

...AND THEN THE
PHONE RINGS!

**BRING
BRING**

NEXT: THICKER THAN
WATER!



INSIDE

DOCTOR DESTINY

MASTER OF THE MIND
LET HIM TELL YOU
YOUR INNERMOST
THOUGHTS.
BAFFLING PSYCHIC
PHENOMENON.
ABSOLUTELY
GENUINE!
ALSO
SIGNALS
OCCULT
ILLUSIONS
MYSTIC
REDIBLE
TURING

SEATS
AT THE
BACK

TICKETS

A SET OF
KEYS.
£1.38 IN
LOOSE
CHANGE.

AND
A WAIT A
MINUTE AND A
PHOTOGRAPH OF
A DOG? IS THAT
CORRECT?

ABSOLUTELY

EXIT

**SECRETS
OF THE MIND**

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

NOW...
IS THERE ANY-
ONE ELSE WHO'D
LIKE TO TEST THE
TELEPATHIC POWERS
OF DOCTOR DESTINY?

YES.
WHAT
HAVE I GOT IN
MY POCKET?

WELL,
LET ME SEE
YOU'VE
GOT A...

OH
GOD.

OH
GOD, NO.

OH
GOD, NO.

CLAP

**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

**THICKER
THAN WATER**

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER - JENNY O'CONNOR
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE

BY THE TIME THE LIGHTS
CAME UP, HE WAS GONE
MILES AWAY A PHONE IS
RINGING.

A PHONE THAT SHOULDN'T
BE RINGING AT ALL.

NOBODY
KNOWS I'M
HERE

NOBODY

HELLO?
BRADDOCK
MANOR?

CAPTAIN
BRITAIN??

UH... WHAT
WOULD I KNOW
ABOUT CAPTAIN
BRITAIN? UH, THAT
IS... I MEAN...

LOOK MISS,
I DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU ARE, BUT...

YES,
THIS IS BRIAN
BRADDOCK
SPEAKING, WHO.

BETSY?
WHAT MY
SISTER BETSY?
BETSY
BRADDOCK?

NO,
NO, I'M STILL
HERE. I'M JUST
SITTING DOWN
VERY CARE-
FULLY.

HOW
ARE YOU,
BETSY?

I'M
ALIVE, BRIAN.
FOR THE
MOMENT.

LISTEN,
NEVER MIND HOW
I KNEW THAT YOU WERE
BACK AT HOME. I'LL TELL
YOU THAT LATER... THAT
AND LOTS OF
OTHER THINGS.

I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU, BRIAN...
STRAIGHT AWAY. YES, YOU
COULD SAY THAT I'M IN TROUBLE...
NO, NOT THAT SORT OF
TROUBLE. WORSE BRIAN,
SOMEONE'S TRYING
TO KILL ME.

CAN
YOU MEET ME...
YES, I'M IN LONDON. HOW
SOON... NO, NOT THE RITZ.
TOO CONSPICUOUS LOOK,
THERE'S A M&B BURGERS
IN OXFORD STREET.

BRIAN, THIS IS NO
TIME TO BE FLUSSY
YEAH OKAY BUT
LOOK, HOW SOON
CAN YOU...

YOU'LL
FLY? BUT
HOW ARE YOU
GOING TO GET
A PLANE...

OH, OH
OF COURSE NO, I KEEP
FORGETTING YOU CAN DO
THAT. WITHIN THE HOUR, THEN
OKAY, BRIAN BYE.

HURRY,
BROTHER FOR
GOD'S SAKE,
HURRY.

ELISABETH?







THICK SHAKE
FOR TWO

YOU
KEEP STARING AT
ME. IS MY NOSE DIRTY
OR SOMETHING?

IT'S
JUST THE
HAIR. DO PEOPLE
REALLY HAVE
PURPLE HAIR THESE
DAYS?



BRIAN,
IT'S 1982. PEOPLE
HAVE ALL SORTS OF
HAIR NOWADAYS AND
I AM A FASHION MODEL
WHEN ALL'S SAID
AND DONE

LOOK,
I KNOW YOU'VE
NEVER REALLY KEPT
UP WITH CURRENT
TRENDS, BUT YOU
MUST HAVE SEEN
PURPLE HAIR BEFORE
UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN
ON ANOTHER
PLANET OR
SOMETHING



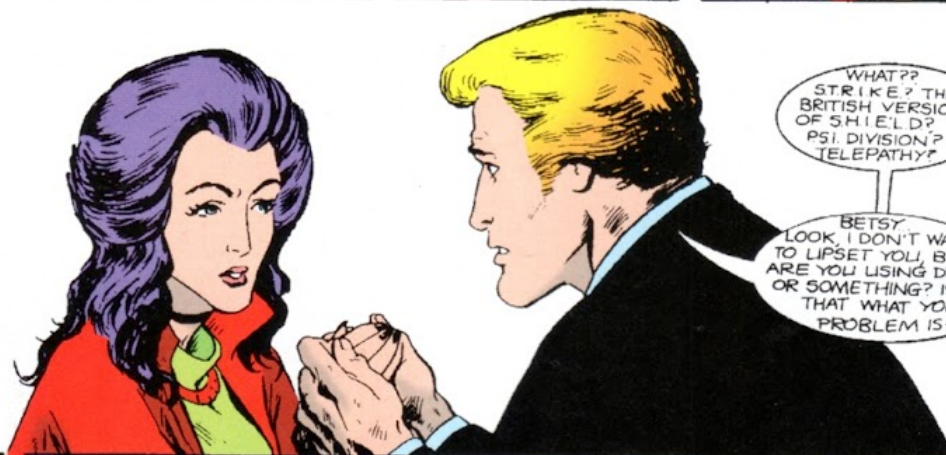
ALRIGHT BE TIGHT-LIPPED
AND MYSTERIOUS BUT
SINCE ONE OF US HAS
GOT TO KEEP THE CON-
VERSATION GOING...

I'M A
PRECOG AND
A TELEPATH THAT'S
HOW I KNEW
THAT YOU WERE
HOME

I'VE
BEEN WORKING
FOR STRIKE
BRIAN. FOR THEIR
PSI DIVISION

BRIAN, I
SAID JUST NOW THAT
I'M A FASHION MODEL.
THAT'S TRUE BUT
THAT'S NOT ALL
THAT I AM...

THAT'S
WHY I'M IN
TROUBLE



WHAT??
STRIKE? THE
BRITISH VERSION
OF SHIELD?
PSI DIVISION?
TELEPATHY?

BETSY,
LOOK, I DON'T WANT
TO LISET YOU, BUT
ARE YOU USING DRUGS
OR SOMETHING? IS
THAT WHAT YOUR
PROBLEM IS?



"OH GOD, BRIAN, I
WISH IT WAS
THAT EASY."

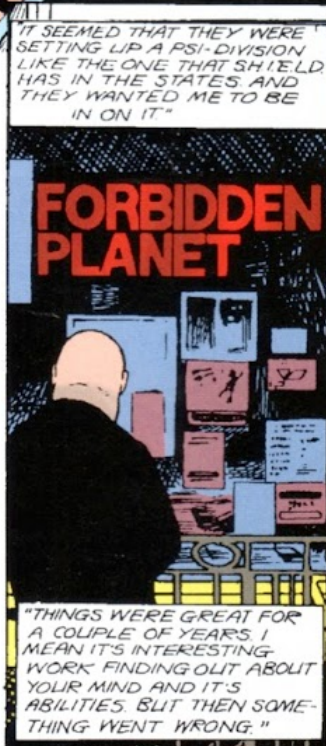
"LOOK, JUST DRINK
YOUR SHAKE AND
LISTEN AND I'LL
TELL YOU EVERY-
THING."

"YOU REMEMBER HOW IN
THE PAST I'VE HAD SORT
OF ODD FLASHES OF
PSYCHIC POWER?
GLIMPSSES INTO THE FUTURE
AND THAT SORT OF THING?"



"UH, WELL, YES. I REMEMBER
THAT TIME WHEN I WAS
FIGHTING LORD HAWK YOU
HAD A SORT OF PREMONITION
OR SOMETHING."

"RIGHT, WELL OVER THE
YEARS IT GOT STRONGER
AND THEN ONE DAY I
WAS CONTACTED BY AN-
OTHER TELEPATH ONE WHO
WORKED FOR STRIKE."



"IT SEEMED THAT THEY WERE
SETTING UP A PSI-DIVISION
LIKE THE ONE THAT SHIELD
HAS IN THE STATES AND
THEY WANTED ME TO BE
IN ON IT."

"THINGS WERE GREAT FOR
A COUPLE OF YEARS. I
MEAN IT'S INTERESTING-
WORK FINDING OUT ABOUT
YOUR MIND AND IT'S
ABILITIES. BUT THEN SOME-
THING WENT WRONG."



NOT WITH ME NOT WITH
THE PSI DIVISION SOME-
THING WENT WRONG
WITH STRIKE."

"IT WAS BEING GRADUALLY
INFILTRATED BY A RIVAL
ORGANIZATION. A
CRIMINAL ESPIONAGE
NETWORK HEADED BY
SOMEBODY CALLED 'THE
VIXEN'."

"THE VIXEN? BUT I FOUGHT HIS HENCHMEN A FEW YEARS BACK. I MEAN, I NEVER ACTUALLY GOT MY HANDS ON THE VIXEN HIMSELF... BUT..."

"NOBODY BUT THE PSI DIVISION. WE KNEW, BY VIRTUE OF OUR POWERS, SO WE HAD TO BE ELIMINATED."

"YES, I KNOW ALL THAT. BUT LISTEN... THE VIXEN MANAGED TO GET HIS PEOPLE INTO ALL THE TOP POSITIONS AT S.T.R.I.K.E. AND NOBODY KNEW ABOUT IT."

"WE REALISED THAT WE WERE TARGETS, SO WE WENT INTO HIDING... WENT UNDERGROUND UNTIL WE COULD WORK OUT WHAT TO DO. THERE WERE TEN US, THEN."

"THERE'S FIVE, NOW YOU SEE, THE VIXEN HIRED SOME SORT OF ASSASSIN TO HUNT US DOWN. HE'S DOING A GOOD JOB, BRIAN."

CHUK

HE'S KILLING US HE'S
AAARRRRRGHH!!

BETSY?
WHAT'S WRONG?
BETSY?







"IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, CAPTAIN. I THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE DEAD."



"ME TOO, SLAYMASTER. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, TOO."



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN, THEN, CAPTAIN. ARE YOU READY?"



"I'M READY."



"VERY WELL.."



"LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME."



**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

KILLING GROUND

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER - JOHN ALDRICH
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE







OF COURSE, YOU COULD JUST PULL IT OUT. BUT AS I THINK YOU'LL FIND, EVEN SUCH A SIMPLE TASK IS BEYOND YOUR CURRENT LEVEL OF CO-ORDINATION.

THE EFFORT REQUIRED TO GET YOUR ARM AND FINGER MUSCLES TO RESPOND WOULD BE SIMPLY GARGANTUAN, AND I FEEL THAT IT WOULD...



I'M IMPRESSED!



WOW... LOOK AT THAT LEAP. THAT'S A WORLD RECORD. THAT'S...

NO...



HE ISN'T LEAPING. HE'S FLYING!

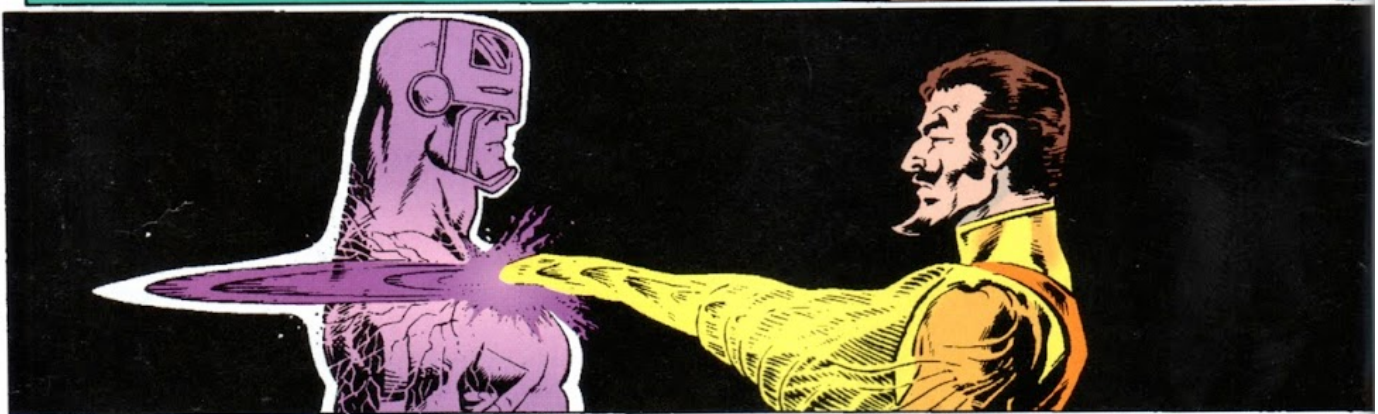
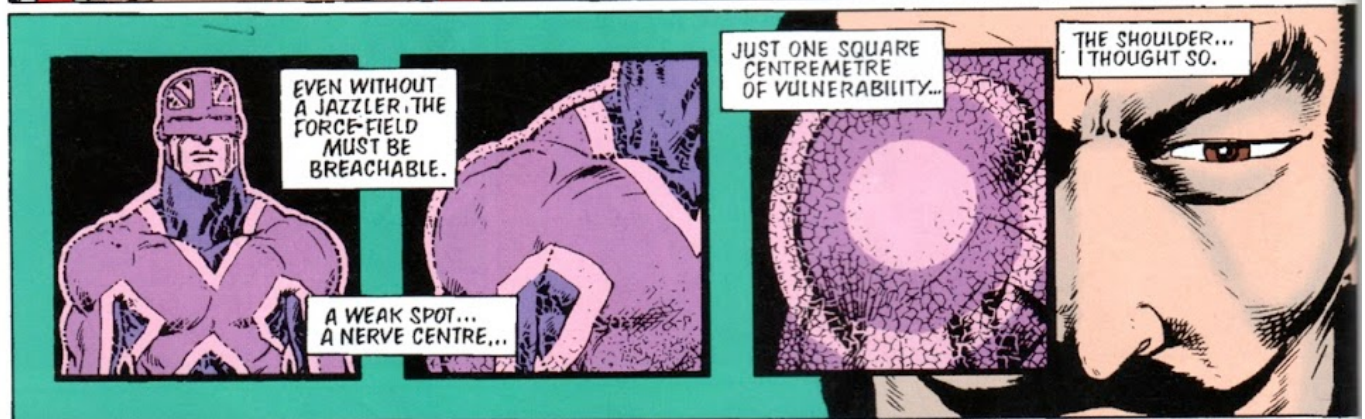
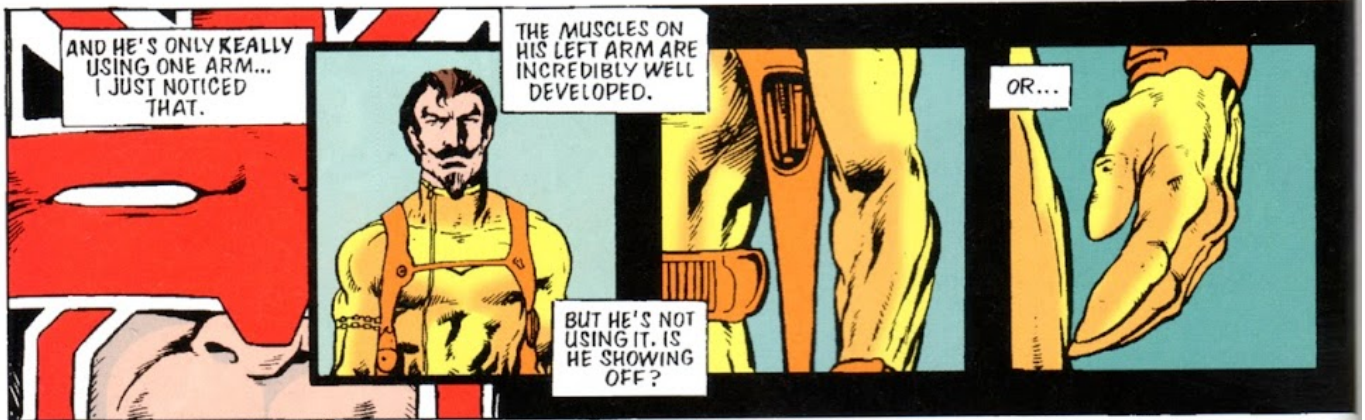
FLYING.

YOU KNOW, MY MOTHER WARNED ME THIS WOULD HAPPEN IF I DIDN'T STOP READING COMICS.



I SHOULD BE THRASHING HIM. I'M MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN HE IS.

BUT HE'S THE BETTER FIGHTER. HE'S THE BETTER KILLER...





THEY POUND THEIR HANDS INTO ROCK UNTIL THEY ARE COVERED WITH A THICK CALLOUS. THEN THEY SHARPEN THE CALLOUS TO A KEEN POINT.

OF COURSE, THE HAND ISN'T MUCH USE FOR ANYTHING AFTER THAT...



...EXCEPT CUTTING.

RRRAAARGH!

THE SHOULDER, AGAIN, THE SHOULDER.



TOM, THIS SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING. HE'S KILLING BRIAN. BRIAN'S MUCH TOUGHER THAN A HUMAN BEING BUT HE'S BEING SLAUGHTERED. WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM.

WE'RE NOT HELPLESS. I'M A PRECOG. YOU'RE A TELEKINETIC...

BUT I CAN'T MOVE MUCH, ELISABETH. I'M TOO RATTLED, CAN'T CONCENTRATE...



OKAY... OKAY... LOOK... IN FIVE SECONDS HE'S GOING TO CROSS OVER TO JUST OUTSIDE THE SHOP SO HE CAN HIT BRIAN AGAIN. IF YOU CAN LIFT THE COMICS AND MAGAZINES...

THE COMICS? BUT WHY SHOULD... OH YES. YES, I SEE. I'LL TRY...



I PROMISE YOU THAT THIS WILL BE THE LAST BLOW THAT YOU WILL FEEL, CAPTAIN. THIS ONE WILL SEVER YOUR ARM. AND THEN YOU'LL FAINT. AND THEN I'LL FINISH IT.

PERHAPS YOU WILL BE A WARRIOR IN YOUR NEXT INCARNATION AND WE SHALL MEET AGAIN. I HOPE SO. I'VE RATHER ENJOYED THIS.

"NOW, TOM. NOW."



WHAT... UFFFF!

HIT HIM, BRIAN HE'S BLIND. HIT HIM.



"HIT HIM!"



"HIT HIM."



"HIT HIM."



C- CAPTAIN? I CONGRATULATE...

"HIT"

HIT HIM."



ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT. JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I'D GOT ALL YOU SCARY MONSTERS AND SUPER-CREEPS PACKED OFF BACK TO AMERICA WHERE YOU BELONG... AH... HELL!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. EVERYBODY'S UNDER ARREST.

INSPECTOR DAI THOMAS.

BETSY, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE. WITH SLAYMASTER OFF YOUR BACK, CAN YOU GET YOUR TWO FRIENDS UP TO BRADDOCK MANOR ON YOUR OWN? YOU CAN ALL STAY WITH ME.

WELL, YES, BUT...

LOOK, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCES FOR ONE DAY. I CAN'T TAKE THAT WEI SH STORM.

BUT BRIAN, I...

OH, 'BYE, BRIAN.

MISS... I'M A POLICE OFFICER. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT FLYING MAN.

UH... WHAT FLYING MAN?

THE HERO WATER. OH NO,
VERY DEFINITELY NOT
NOW.

THAT WELSH STORM
TROOPER ON TOP OF
EVERYTHING ELSE.
SEE YOU LATER.

DID HE HURT YOU AT
ALL? DID HE SAY
ANYTHING!

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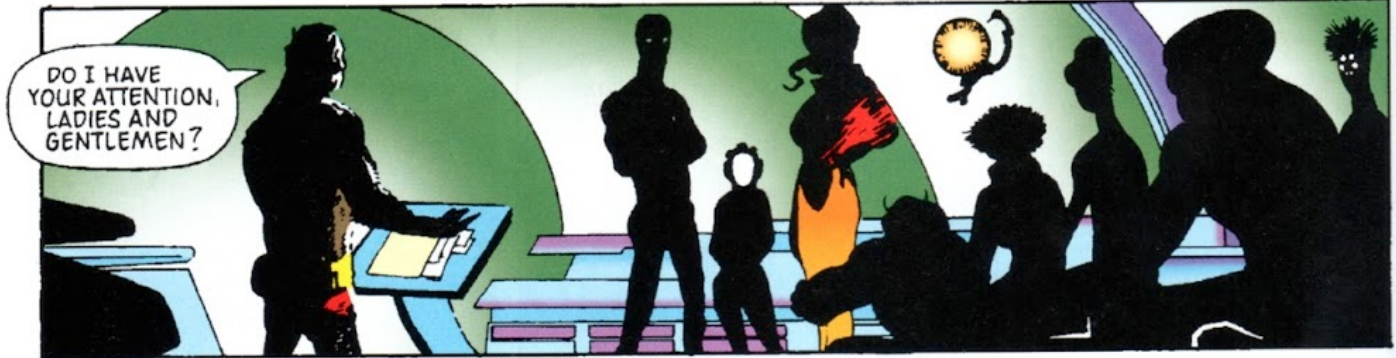


INSTEAD OF WHICH CAPTAIN BRITAIN SHOWS UP AND BEATS HIM AS THOROUGHLY AS HE DID THE LAST TIME THEY MET.

I'D BE AN IDIOT OUT OF YOU IN THE PAST. I'M WARNING YOU. ARCADE ... IF MY PLANS TO TAKE OVER S.T.R.I.K.E. ARE JEOPARDIZED BY...

LITTLE TIME BUT I'LL FINISH IT. SEE, IF CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S INVOLVED... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT'S DIFFERENT NOW.

NEXT:
EXECUTIVE ACTION!



GOOD.

HERE'S THE PLAN...

"WE MOVE TONIGHT. WE'VE BEEN OBSERVING THE TARGET'S HOME BASE, BRADDOCK MANOR, FOR SEVERAL WEEKS NOW. WE KNOW ITS DEFENCES. ITS DEFENCES ARE VERY GOOD..."

"... BUT NATURALLY, WE'RE BETTER. WE'LL PHASE IN ON THE MANOR'S SOUTHERN FACE AT MIDNIGHT. STRAIGHT AWAY, WE'LL COME UP AGAINST THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE."

"THIS IS THE HOLOGRAM FIELD PROJECTED BY THE COMPUTER SYSTEM HOUSED IN THE CAVES BENEATH THE MANOR. THE COMPUTER PROJECTS AN IMAGE OF BOMBED-OUT RUINS."

"IT'S REALLY QUITE INGENUOUS. TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, BRADDOCK MANOR DOESN'T EXIST AS ANYTHING MORE THAN A WASTELAND. ITS TRUE STRUCTURE IS COMPLETELY INVISIBLE."

"NOW, THIS WOULD PRESENT A PROBLEM WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT WE HAVE THE LOVELIEST TELEPATH IN THE GALAXY AMONGST OUR NUMBER."

"COBWEB WILL FORM A PICTURE OF THE MANOR BY SCANNING THE MENTAL IMAGES OF THE PEOPLE INSIDE IT. SHE WILL RELAY THIS IMAGE TO THE REST OF US TELEPATHICALLY."

"IT WILL BE AS GOOD AS ACTUALLY BEING ABLE TO SEE THE MANOR OURSELVES. IF IT ISN'T, WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OURSELVES A NEW TELEPATH."

"ALRIGHT. SO NOW WE CAN SEE THE MANOR, OUR NEXT TASK IS ACTUALLY ENTERING THE PLACE. THIS IS A JOB FOR THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK..."

"ZEITGEIST WILL ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AS WOULD ANY RESPECTABLE VISITOR."

"SINCE ZEITGEIST DOESN'T EXIST IN ANYTHING MORE THAN THE MOST ABSTRACT SENSE WHILE IN THIS STATE, THE COMPUTER WILL NOT DETECT HIS PRESENCE."

"THE ONLY DIFFERENCE



IS THAT IN ZEITGEIST'S CASE THE DOOR DOES NOT NEED TO BE OPEN."



"THERE IS, HOWEVER, A HUMAN ELEMENT TO CONSIDER. APART FROM THE TARGET HIMSELF, THREE GUESTS HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN TO RESIDING AT BRADDOCK MANOR..."

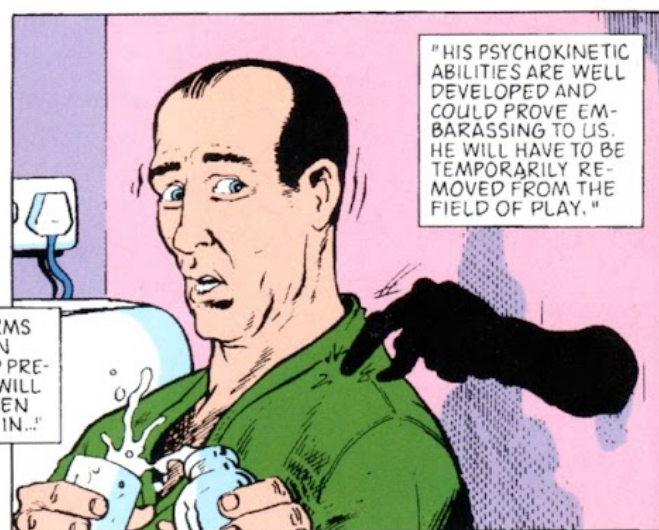
"THESE THREE ARE HUMAN BEINGS WITH VARYING DEGREES OF PSI POWER. THEY ARE HIDING FROM AN ORGANISATION CALLED S.T.R.I.K.E. AND HAVE ACCEPTED THE TARGET'S OFFER OF SANCTUARY."



"ONE OF THESE IS A TELEPATH/PSYCHOKINETIC NAMED THOMAS LENNOX."



"COBWEB INFORMS US THAT HE IS AN INSOMNIAC AND PREDICTS THAT HE WILL BE IN THE KITCHEN WHEN WE MOVE IN..."



"HIS PSYCHOKINETIC ABILITIES ARE WELL DEVELOPED AND COULD PROVE EMBARRASSING TO US. HE WILL HAVE TO BE TEMPORARILY REMOVED FROM THE FIELD OF PLAY."



"I'LL LEAVE THE DETAILS OF HOW THIS IS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED UP TO YOU, ZEITGEIST..."



"I'M SURE YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING."



DUNT!



"ONCE THERE, DISABLE THE COMPUTER'S SENSOR CIRCUITS. I DON'T IMAGINE THIS WILL PROVE TERRIBLY DIFFICULT TO A MAN OF YOUR EDUCATION."



"JUST BE SURE THAT YOU DO IT QUICKLY. THE COMPUTER MUST BE RENDERED INOPERABLE BEFORE THE REST OF US ENTER THE MANOR. FROM THIS POINT ON, THINGS GET HECTIC..."

"WHEN THIS FIRST OBSTACLE IS REMOVED, MAKE YOUR WAY IMMEDIATELY TO THE CAVE SYSTEM BENEATH BRADDOCK MANOR..."

"BY LOCAL STANDARDS THE COMPUTER IS UNBELIEVABLY SOPHISTICATED, BUT BY OUR STANDARDS... WELL, WE EMPLOY MORE COMPLEX DEVICES VENDING A HOT CUP OF STIMULUX."

"THIS IS BECAUSE THE REMOVAL OF THOMAS LENNOX WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY ALERT ONE OF THE OTHER TWO PSI-TALENTS WHO ARE GUESTS AT THE MANOR."

"SHE WILL INVESTIGATE, MAKING HER WAY FROM HER ROOM DOWN TO THE KITCHEN."

"...EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THAT SHE WON'T BE ALLOWED TO REACH THE KITCHEN."

"HER NAME IS ELISABETH BRADDOCK, AND SHE IS THE TARGET'S SISTER. HER AND LENNOX ARE LOVERS, AFTER A FASHION, AND SHARE A PSYCHIC RAPPORT. SHE'LL KNOW HE'S BEEN TAKEN."

"EN ROUTE, SHE WILL BE INTERCEPTED BY COBWEB. ELISABETH BRADDOCK IS A TELEPATH, AND HER FIRST REACTION WILL BE TO LEARN THE INTRUDER'S IDENTITY BY SCANNING HER MIND."

"WITH COBWEB, AS YOU KNOW, THIS IS A GRAVE MISTAKE."

"COBWEB IS IN CONSTANT PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH A NUMBER OF PAST AND FUTURE VERSIONS OF HERSELF, FORMING THE TIME-SPANNING WEB FROM WHICH SHE DERIVES HER NAME."

"COBWEB IS USED TO THIS SENSATION. IT MAY MAKE HER A LITTLE... AH, IRRITABLE AT TIMES, BUT HER MIND CAN HANDLE REALITY FROM THIS SOMEWHAT CURIOUS PERSPECTIVE."



"ELISABETH BRADDOCK, HOWEVER, WILL BE PLUNGED SUDDENLY INTO A WORLD WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING, WHERE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE MELT INTO A TERRIFYING KALEIDOSCOPE."

"FOR HER SANITY TO SURVIVE, HER MIND WILL HAVE TO SHUT ITSELF OFF."



"WITH MS. BRADDOCK OUT OF THE WAY, THERE ARE NO FURTHER OBSTACLES BETWEEN US AND THE TARGET."

"THE THIRD PSI-TALENT THAT I MENTIONED IS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED ALISON DOUBLE. SHE IS CURRENTLY CONVALESCING FROM A SERIES OF BRUTAL PSYCHIC SHOCKS. I DOUBT WE'LL EVEN WAKE HER."



"OH... AND THERE IS ANOTHER LONG-TERM RESIDENT OF BRADDOCK MANOR THAT I HAVE NOT YET MENTIONED. MRS. EMMA COLLINS, WHO IS, I BELIEVE, THE TARGET'S SERVANT."

"AGAIN, SHE WILL PRESENT NO PROBLEMS."



"BY THIS TIME THE REST OF US... THAT IS, FASCINATION AND MYSELF... WILL BE INSIDE THE BUILDING AND HEADING TOWARDS THE TARGET'S QUARTERS."

"PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO RECAP UPON THE TARGET AND HIS ABILITIES..."



"THE TARGET."

"BRIAN BRADDOCK."

"CAPTAIN BRITAIN."



"HE CAN FLY. HE IS CAPABLE OF INHUMAN STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE. HIS SENSES ARE ACUTE TO THE POINT OF BEING UNCANNY. HE IS ALSO PROTECTED BY A BIO-ELECTRICAL FORCE FIELD..."



"BEING A GENTLEMAN, HE DOES NOT SLEEP WITH HIS CLOTHES ON."



"WE WILL ENTER HIS ROOM, AT WHICH POINT COBWEB PREDICTS HE WILL SIT UP AND SAY..."

"WE HAVE THE INFORMATION PROVIDED BY OUR EMPLOYER, AS WELL AS THAT WHICH WE HAVE GLEANED FROM COBWEB'S DISCREET MENTAL PROBINGS..."

"HOWEVER, WHILE THESE POWERS ARE INNATE, THEY RELY TO A GREAT EXTENT UPON THE AMPLIFICATION CIRCUITRY BUILT INTO HIS COSTUME."

"NOT BEING A GENTLEMAN, I PROPOSE WE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT FACT."

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

"TO WHICH I SHALL REPLY WITH MY CUSTOMARY GENTILITY..."

MY NAME IS WARDOG.

PLEASE CONSIDER YOURSELF A PRISONER OF THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE...





WE ARE A MERCENARY BODY, EMPLOYED BY WHOEVER CAN AFFORD US. IN THIS INSTANCE, OUR EMPLOYER IS AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS. ONE WHO NEEDS YOUR HELP.

OUR EMPLOYER IS CURRENTLY INCARCERATED, ACCUSED OF A CRIME THAT SHE DID NOT COMMIT. ONLY YOUR TESTIMONY CAN SAVE HER, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN?





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THE GOLDEN-SKINNED WOMAN NAMED FASCINATION SMILES AS SHE BRINGS HER PARAHUMAN ABILITIES INTO PLAY...

TIME DISTORTS AROUND HER. MOTION BREAKS DOWN INTO JUDDERING STROBOSCOPIC IMAGES...

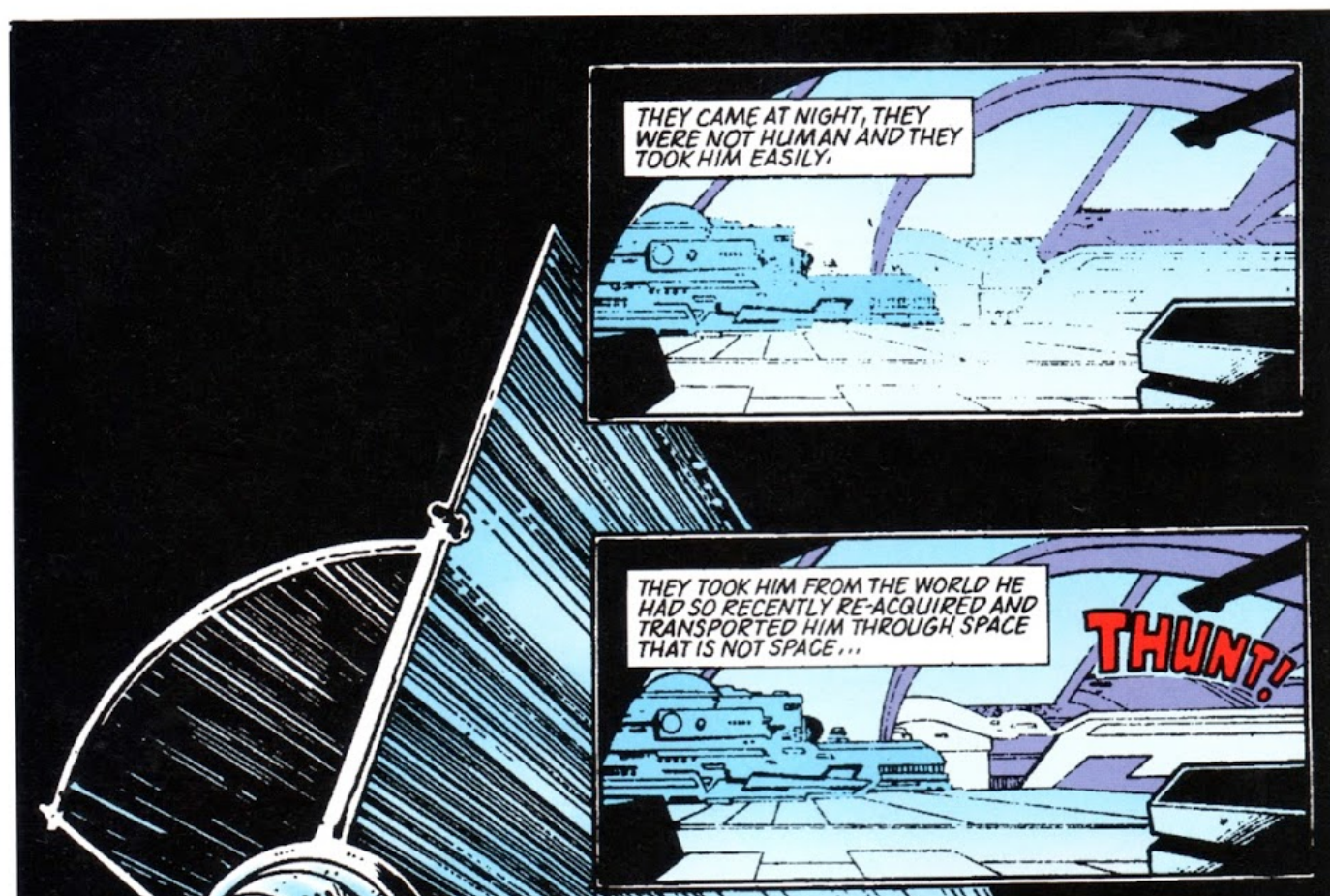
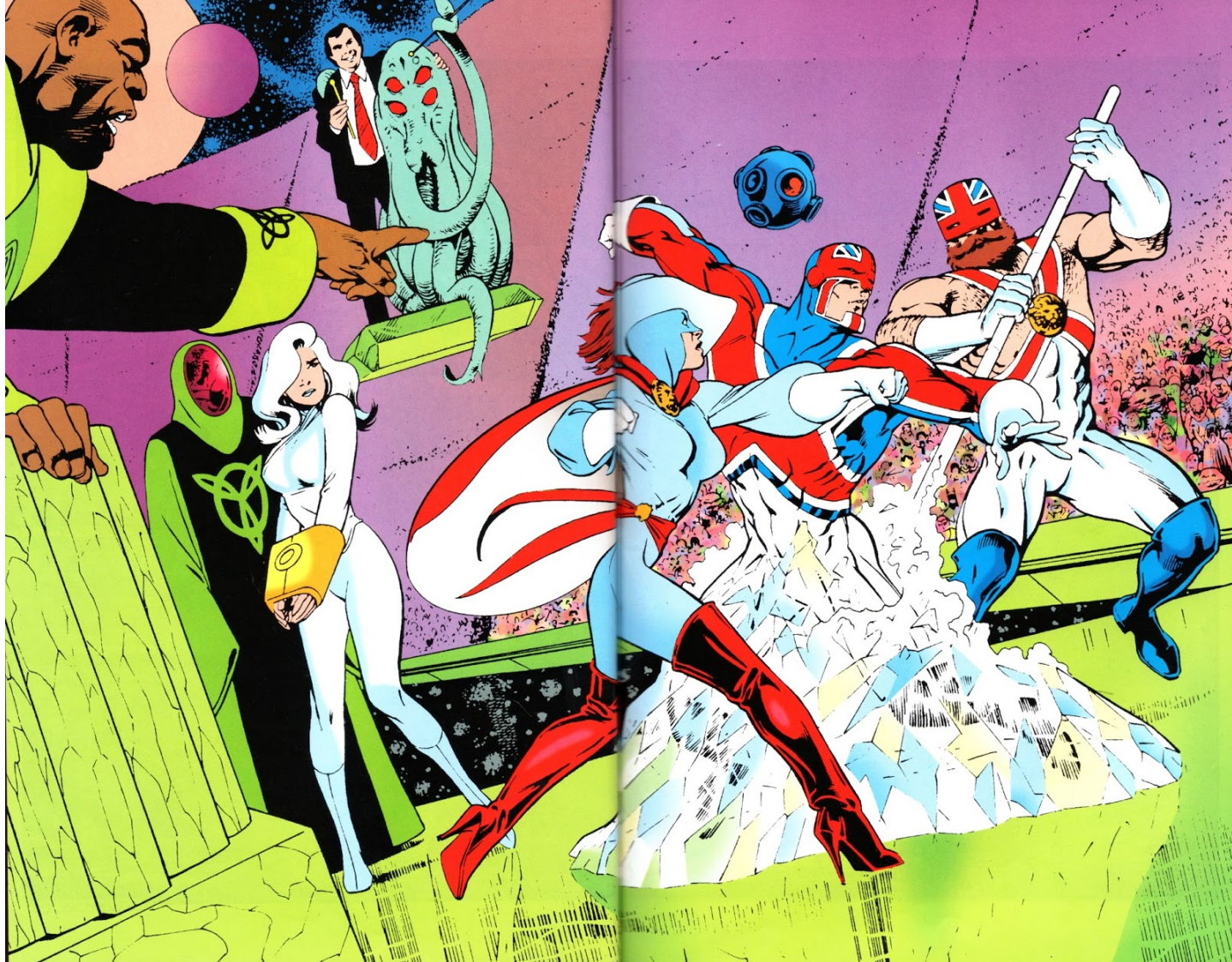
SECONDS STRETCH INTO CENTURIES. AEONS CONDENSE INTO INSTANTS...







NEXT: JUDGEMENT DAY.



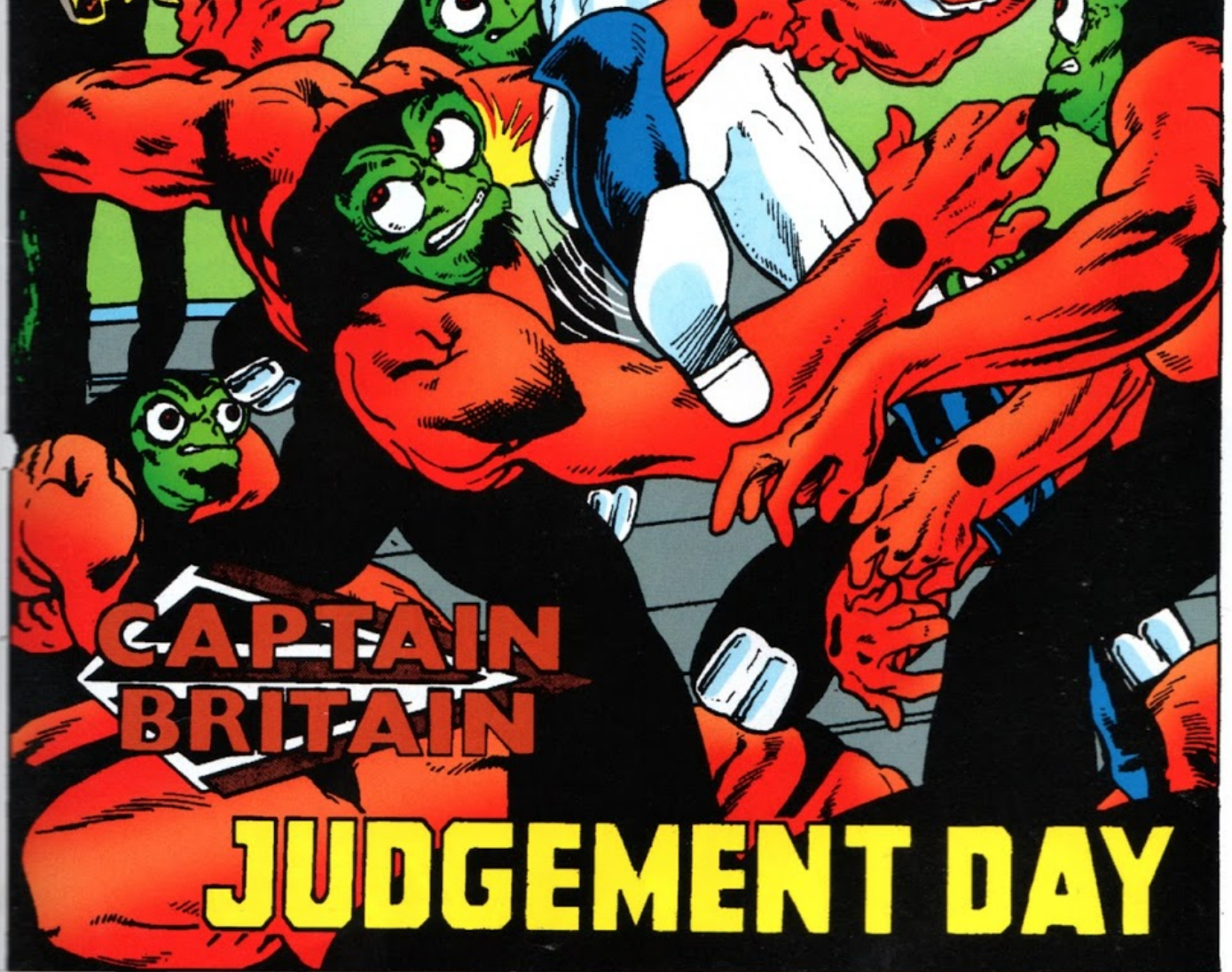
Alan Moore
&
Alan Davis
CO-CREATORS
Steve Craddock
LETTERER
Bernie Jaye
EDITOR

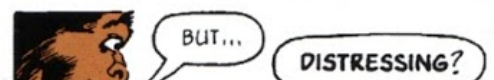
...TOWARDS AN EARTH THAT
IS NOT EARTH...

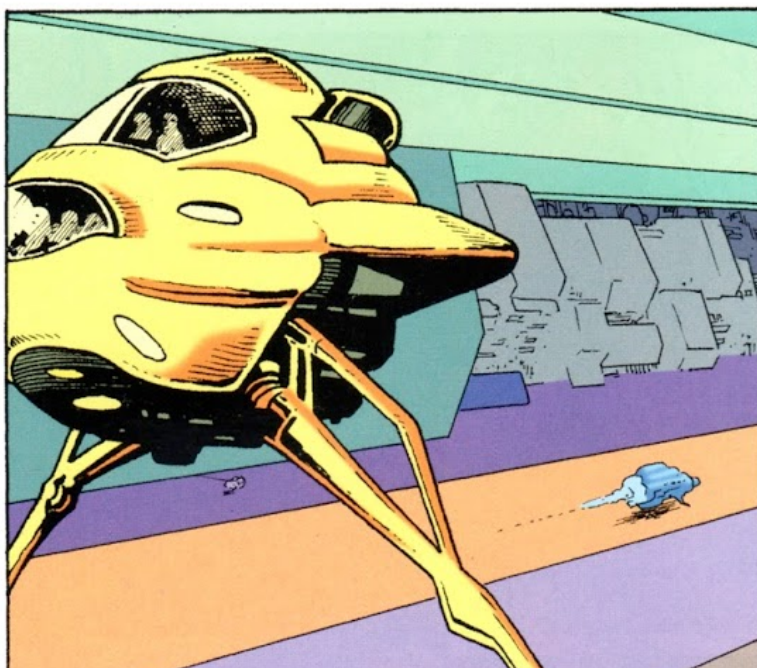
... TO SAVE A WOMAN THAT
HE WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE
TO KILL.

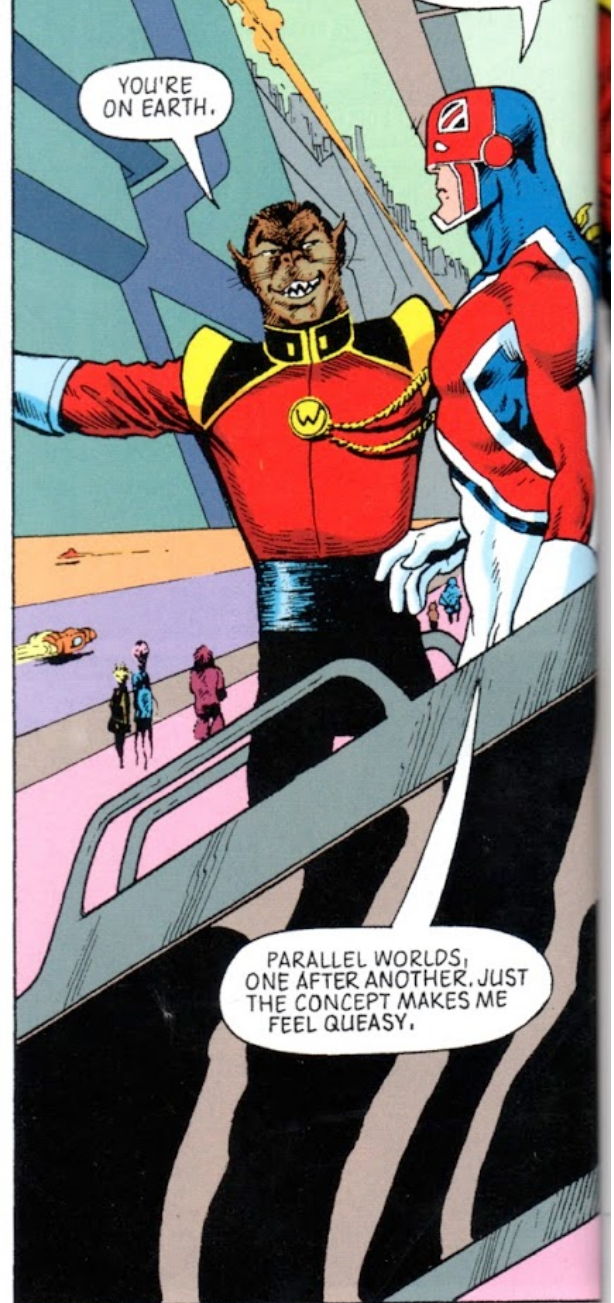
OUCH.

HE'S MAD AS HELL AND
HE ISN'T GOING TO TAKE
IT ANYMORE.











INTERLUDE:
ANOTHER UNIVERSE, ANOTHER
PLANET CALLED EARTH...

CALL IT THE
TWISTED WORLD...

A PLACE WHERE REALITY HAS BROKEN
DOWN INTO A SLUDGE OF BUBBLING
NIGHTMARE. ONLY ONE OF ITS COUNT-
LESS INHABITANTS IS STILL SANE...

...AND THAT ONE IS NOT HUMAN. IT IS
CALLED THE FURY: HALF ANIMAL, HALF
AUTOMATON. IT KILLS SUPERHEROES.

IT WAS ENTRUSTED WITH
THE KILLING OF CAPTAIN
BRITAIN...

IT IS STARTING TO SUSPECT THAT IT HAS
FAILED. CERTAINLY, NO TRACE OF ITS PREY
REMAINS IN **THIS** UNIVERSE. BUT WHAT
IF HE STILL SURVIVES ON SOME **OTHER**
PLANE?

WHY, THEN IT MUST FOLLOW HIM. THAT
IS ITS PROGRAMME. WITHIN ITS BODY,
CIRCUITS RE-ALIGN AND CELLS BLOSS-
OM INTO NEW ORGANS. IT IS PRE-
PARING ITSELF FOR A JOURNEY...

IT NEVER GIVES UP.





ME AND T'CAPTAIN
HERE'D BE DOWN ON
THEE LIKE A TON OF
BRICKS.

IN Y'GO.

AREN'T YOU
PLEASED TO SEE
ME LIKE THIS?



WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHAT
HAPPENED?

SATURNYNE...
I... YOU...

YOU HAPPENED! THAT
MACHINE MONSTER, THE FURY,
HAPPENED. A REALITY STORM
HAPPENED. THAT WHOLE DAMNED
RETARDED PARALLEL EARTH
HAPPENED!!



I WENT TO THAT EARTH
TO GIVE IT THE PUSH THAT
WOULD TRANSFORM IT INTO
A PROPERLY EVOLVED
WORLD.

IT WAS HOLDING BACK
THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALL
THE OTHER EARTHS. IT WAS
MY JOB TO PUT IT RIGHT. I
WAS THE MAJESTRIX. I
WAS REGARDED AS A
GOD.

I FAILED.

THE DIMENSIONAL
DEVELOPMENT COURT
DON'T LIKE THEIR GODS
TO FAIL THEM.

HOW ARE
THINGS WITH
YOU?



I'M
SURVIVING.

SATURNYNE... YOU
ABANDONED ME AND
JACKDAW ON THAT
WORLD WHEN IT STARTED
TO GO CRAZY.

JACKDAW DIED.
I BARELY ESCAPED
WITH MY LIFE, WHY...

WHY SHOULD YOU
BOTHR TO HELP ME?
WHY SHOULD YOU BOTHR
TO TESTIFY ON MY
BEHALF?

OH ALL RIGHT,
CAPTAIN. I SUPPOSE
REVENGE IS SWEET.

GO ON... WALK OUT
OF HERE AND GET THE
SPECIAL EXECUTIVE TO
TAKE YOU HOME!



IT WAS A STUPID IDEA
ANYWAY, CLINGING TO YOU
AS MY LAST HOPE WHEN MY
OWN AVANT GUARD WERE
BARRED FROM TESTIFYING.

SATURNYNE...

I SAID GET OUT!!
YOU'RE ENJOYING
THIS, AREN'T YOU?

SATURNYNE...

YOU'RE SELFISH,
YOU'RE CALLOUS,
YOU'RE



FROM THE WEB

BY ZERGNET



Laura From 'Family Matters' is 43 Now and an Absolute Bombshell



Lex From 'Jurassic Park' is an Absolute Bombshell Today at 39





"...SEE YOU IN COURT."

THE SUPREME OMNI-
VERSAL TRIBUNE IS NOW
IN SESSION. WILL THE
ASSEMBLY PLEASE
RISE...

... HIS WHYNESS
LORD MANDRAGON
PRESIDING.

HIS WHYNESS?
DOES THAT MEAN...?

THAT'S RIGHT,
CAPTAIN. HE'S SATUR-
NYNE'S SUCCESSOR TO
THE IMPERIAL THRONE
IF SHE'S DEPOSED.

HE ALSO HAPPENS
TO BE THE JUDGE AT
HER TRIAL. YOU SEE
OUR PROBLEM?





SILENCE IN THE TRIBUNE.

GENTLEMEN, LADIES AND HONOURED BI-MORPHS... BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PRISONER, THERE IS A MORE PRESSING MATTER TO BE DEALT WITH...

NAMELY, THE FATE OF THE ALTERNATE EARTH WHICH SHE, THROUGH NEGLIGENCE, LET SLIDE INTO CHAOS.

MY SCIENTIFIC ADVISORS HAVE INFORMED ME THAT THE BREAKDOWN OF REALITY WHICH AFFLICTS IT IS RAPIDLY SPREADING TO OTHER WORLDS IN ITS CONTINUUM.

SOON, THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WHICH THAT LUCKLESS EARTH RESIDES IN WILL BE CONTAMINATED. UNCHECKED, THE BLIGHT MAY SPREAD TO OTHER UNIVERSES.

AS YOU KNOW, IT IS WITHIN MY POWER IN CERTAIN EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES TO HAVE A GIVEN UNIVERSE 'REMOVED' SHOULD ITS EXISTENCE THREATEN THE OMNIVERSE...

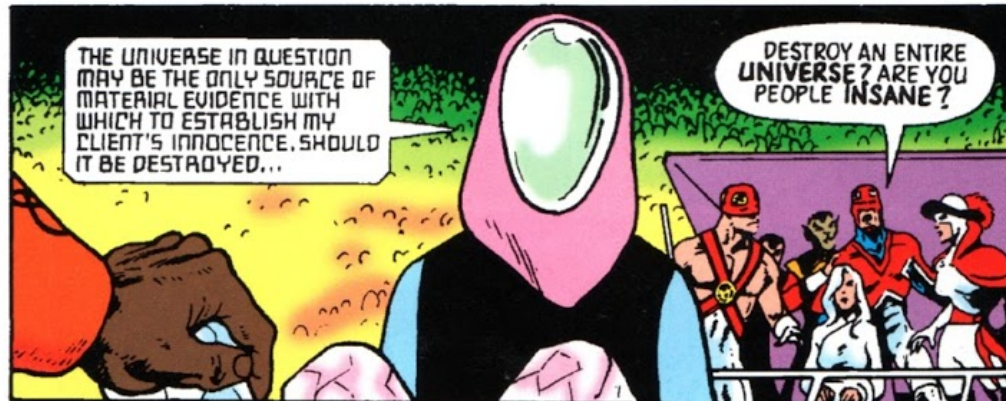
THE UNIVERSE IN QUESTION MAY BE THE ONLY SOURCE OF MATERIAL EVIDENCE WITH WHICH TO ESTABLISH MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE. SHOULD IT BE DESTROYED...

DESTROY AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE? ARE YOU PEOPLE INSANE?



THUS IT IS WITH HEAVY HEART THAT I...

OBJECTION, YOUR WHYNNESS!



ORDER! THE DEFENCE WITNESS WILL REMAIN SILENT OR WILL BE REMOVED FROM THIS TRIBUNE!

AS FOR YOUR OBJECTION, LORD CHANCELLOR, I REFER YOU TO CLAUSE 723-801-(d) OF THE OMNIVERSAL WRIT. IN SHORT, MY LORD...

...OBJECTION OVER-RULED.

A CRYSTAL KEY IS TURNED. A CHAIN REACTION IS COMMENCED...



... AND A STRICKEN UNIVERSE IS
PLACED FOREVER BEYOND SUFFERING.

YOUR WHYNNESS ... I CANNOT
BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE COM-
MITTED THIS ACT! AN ENTIRE
UNIVERSE ... ALL THOSE COUNT-
LESS LIFE-FORMS OBLITERATED
IN A SINGLE INSTANT ...

THEIR DEMISE WOULD HAVE
BEEN FAR MORE HORRIBLE AND
PROLONGED HAD THE REALITY-
CANCER BEEN ALLOWED TO
SPREAD. NO, MY LORD, WORRY
NOT ABOUT THOSE THAT HAVE
PERISHED...

"... SIMPLY BE GLAD THAT
NONE OF THEM ESCAPED."

IT FLOATS THROUGH
SPACE THAT IS NOT SPACE.
IT SEEKS A MAN THAT IT
HAS ALREADY KILLED.

IT NEVER
GIVES UP.

NEXT > ROUGH JUSTICE!



"THE TALON ISN'T ANSWERING. IT MUST HAVE GOT HIM."



"BUT HOW? HE COULD BECOME INVISIBLE! HOW COULD IT KILL HIM WHEN HE COULD BECOME INVISIBLE? HOW??"



"LINDA, DON'T WORRY LOVE. I PROMISE YOU, IT WILL ALL BE..."

"RICK, IT'S **UNSTOPPABLE!** IT KILLED THE TALON. IT KILLED GAATH. OH GOD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED..."



"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, RICK? THIS TIME WE AREN'T GOING TO WIN!!"

"WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT."

THOOOM

**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

ROUGH JUSTICE

"HERE IT COMES!"

KATHOOM

"LOOK! IT'S
SMASHED ANDY,
AND... TOM
ROSETTA!"

"WHAT DID IT DO TO
HIM? I DIDN'T SEE!"

"WHILE HE'S WEARING THAT
STONE HE'S INDESTRUCTABLE!
WHAT DID IT DO TO HIM??"

"I... I THINK
IT ROASTED HIM,
COLONEL."

"RICK!
LOOK!"

"MIRACLEMAN!
IT SHOT
MIRACLEMAN!"

"B-BUT... BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE..."



THE ARACHNID...
ALL OF PUPPETMAN'S
ROBOTS...

RICK, I DON'T WANT
TO DIE. I DON'T WANT
TO DIE LIKE **THIS!**



DON'T WORRY,
MISS. THAT THING'S
GOT TO GET PAST
MY **KILLER TOYS**
YET!



FIRE
MISSILES!
FIRE
TANKS!

TROOPS
ATTACK! BOMBS
AWAY!

LAUNCH...



"TUSKER!
OH LORD..."



LINDA, GET INTO
THE TRANSPORTER
BOOTH.

I'LL BEAM YOU
AS FAR AWAY AS
POSSIBLE AND
FOLLOW LATER...

RICK,
NO...

NO TIME TO CALLIB-
RATE THE DESTINATION
ACCURATELY. JUST HAVE
TO HOPE FOR THE BEST
AND...

RICK!!

RICK,
LOOK
OUT!

NO!

NOOOOOO

"AND NOW WE INTERRUPT THE
SCHEDULED PROGRAMME TO
TAKE YOU OVER TO THE SUPREME
OMNIVERSAL TRIBUNAL IN
EDEN PLACE..."



AS YOU KNOW, THE DEFENDANT AT THIS TRIAL IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FORMER MAJESTRIX OF THE DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENT COURT, HER WHYNESS SATURNYNE, NEIL?

THANKS, BOB. WELL, IF THE INCOMPETENCE CHARGES OVER HER HANDLING OF THE EARTH 238 DISASTER STICK, I THINK HER WHYNESS COULD BE IN TROUBLE.

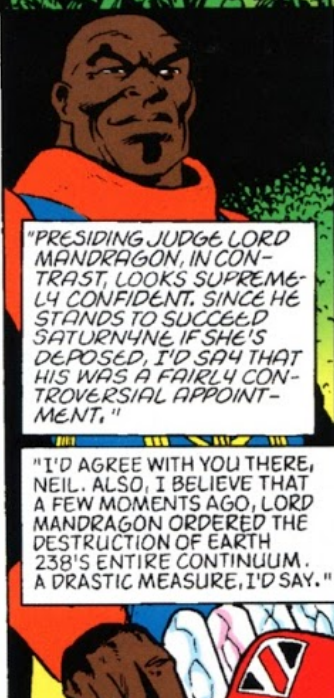
"I SAW HER IN THE GALLERY EARLIER ON, HEAVILY GUARDED BY CAPTAIN ENGLAND AND HIS EARTH 523 COUNTERPART, CAPTAIN ALBION. I THOUGHT SHE LOOKED... WELL, UNHAPPY, BOB?"

"YES NEIL, I'D SAY SHE LOOKED UNHAPPY, TOO, AND ALSO, SMALLER THAN I'D IMAGINED!"



WELL, IT'S A BIG COURT, BOB, DON'T FORGET THAT. THAT WOULD TEND TO MAKE HER LOOK SMALLER...

YES, AND OF COURSE, SHE'S SITTING DOWN TOO.



"PRESIDING JUDGE LORD MANDRAGON, IN CONTRAST, LOOKS SUPREME-LY CONFIDENT. SINCE HE STANDS TO SUCCEED SATURNYNE IF SHE'S DEPOSED, I'D SAY THAT HIS WAS A FAIRLY CONTROVERSIAL APPOINTMENT."

"I'D AGREE WITH YOU THERE, NEIL. ALSO, I BELIEVE THAT A FEW MOMENTS AGO, LORD MANDRAGON ORDERED THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH 238'S ENTIRE CONTINUUM. A DRASTIC MEASURE, I'D SAY."

"YES... THERE WAS SOME UP-ROAR FROM THE GALLERY ABOUT THAT. THE DEFENCE WITNESS... THE BIG CHAP, HE LOOKED UPSET. IS IT CAPTAIN COMMONWEALTH FROM EARTH 920, BOB?"

"I'M NOT SURE. IT LOOKS MORE LIKE CAPTAIN AIRSTRIP-ONE FROM EARTH 744 TO ME. BUT YES, HE CERTAINLY DOES LOOK UPSET..."



A WHOLE UNIVERSE! DID YOU SEE...

DID HE REALLY...

HE JUST WIPED OUT A WHOLE UNIVERSE AT THE FLICK OF A SWITCH!

CAPTAIN... PLEASE, THEY DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY HERE.

GETTING ANGRY WON'T HELP SATURNYNE.

IF THERE ARE ANY FURTHER OUTBURSTS FROM THE DEFENCE WITNESS, HE WILL BE FORCIBLY RESTRAINED BY ORDER OF THIS COURT.

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

VERY WELL. THE DEFENCE MAY CALL ITS FIRST WITNESS.

THANK YOU, YOUR WHYNNESS.

I CALL OPAL LUNA SATURNAPNE.

MAJESTRIX... WOULD YOU DESCRIBE TO THE COURT IN YOUR OWN WORDS HOW THE TRAGEDY ON EARTH 238 ACTUALLY CAME ABOUT?

PROBLEMS AROSE WHEN CAPTAIN BRITAIN OF EARTH 616 ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY. CAPTAIN BRITAIN WILL LATER TESTIFY TO THIS EFFECT.

"HIS ARRIVAL ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF 238'S SECURITY FORCE, THE STATUS CREW. CONSEQUENTLY, OUR OPERATION WAS RESTRUCTURED TO ACCOMMODATE THIS SERIOUS UPSET."

"NEVERTHELESS, WITH CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S HELP, THE PUSH WAS COMPLETED AND WAS ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL. WHAT WENT WRONG CAME LATER..."

I'LL TRY. WE... THAT IS, MY AVANT GUARD AND MYSELF, ARRIVED ON EARTH 238 AS SCHEDULED DURING THE MONTH OF FREYA. IT WAS A RETARDED PARALLEL AND IT NEEDED 'THE PUSH'...

WE BEGAN BY TESTING THE LIFE ENHANCING FLUID THAT THE PUSH REQUIRED, ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS. THERE WAS NO DEVIATION FROM ESTABLISHED PROCEDURE.

"... AND IT WAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME OR MY OPERATION."

"IT WAS A REALITY STORM. GRAVITY, CAUSE AND EFFECT, PROBABILITY, LOGIC..."

...ALL OF THEM SUDDENLY WENT HAYWIRE. I LATER LEARNED THAT AN IMMENSELY POWERFUL AND UTTERLY INSANE PSYCHO-KINETIC MUTANT HAD BEEN BEHIND THE CHAOS...

...BUT AT THE TIME I DIDN'T KNOW THAT. TO COMPOUND MATTERS, A HORRIFYING TECHNO-BIOLOGICAL CREATURE SUDDENLY ATTACKED CAPTAIN BRITAIN. IT WAS INDESTRUCTABLE.

RATHER THAN RISK MORE LIVES, I WITHDREW TO THE HOME CONTINUUM. THE REST YOU KNOW.

THE DEFENCE HAS NO FURTHER QUESTIONS, YOUR WHYNESS. THE PROSECUTION COUNCIL MAY NOW CROSS-EXAMINE THE...

I AM ACTING AS PROSECUTION COUNCIL IN THIS MATTER.

YOU MAY WITHDRAW.

MAJESTRIX, THIS SOMEWHAT... UNLIKELY TALE OF PSYCHO-KINETIC MUTANTS AND INDESTRUCTIBLE CYBORGS. YOU ONLY HAVE ONE WITNESS WHO CAN CORROBORATE IT.

I SUGGEST, MAJESTRIX, THAT THERE IS AN EMOTIONAL AND POSSIBLY A PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOURSELF AND CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

WHAT KIND OF COURT IS THIS? HOW CAN YOU BE EMPEROR, JUDGE, AND PROSECUTION COUNCIL?

I NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE WHAT A "HANGMAN" IS, SIR, BUT YOU HAVE ABUSED THIS COURT FOR THE LAST TIME.

THAT'S A DAMNED LIE!

ARE YOU THE HANGMAN TOO?

AS YOU KNOW, YOUR OWN AVANT GUARD ARE COURT EMPLOYEES AND ARE BARRED FROM TESTIFYING. WE ONLY HAVE THIS "CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S" WORD AS TO THE TRUTH OF YOUR STORY.

I SUGGEST THAT YOU ARE LOVERS AND THAT THE CAPTAIN HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED TO LIE TO THE COURT IN ORDER TO SECURE YOUR ACQUITTAL.

BAILIFFS... RESTRAIN THE WITNESS.

AYE, WELL, YOU HAD FAIR WARNING OULD LAD.

WARDOG, SHOULDN'T THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?

I MEAN, IT WAS US WHO BROUGHT HIM HERE.

LOOK... IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT, COBWEB...

"THERE ARE DIPLOMATIC PROCEDURES, THERE'S PROTOCOL, THERE'S..."

"THERE'S..."

AYE, AND BY OD'S DEATH, THE COURTLY PURSUIT OF GENTLENESS FAIN WOULD SERVE THEE WELL, I TROW.

"I SUPPOSE THEY ARE BEING A BIT ROUGH WITH HIM. AREN'T THEY?"

VERY WELL. SINCE THE DEFENCE'S ONLY OTHER WITNESS WAS THE RECENTLY DETAINED CAPTAIN BRITAIN...

PRISONER SATURNYNE, THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY AS CHARGED IN RESPECT OF YOUR COMPLICITY IN THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH 238.

YOU WILL BE STRIPPED OF ALL TITLES AND PROPERTIES RELATING TO YOUR OFFICE AS MAJESTRIX...

... AND THEN YOU WILL BE BROKEN DOWN INTO YOUR COMPONENT SALTS AND BIO-CARBONS AND RETURNED TO THE SOIL THAT YOUR TREACHEROUS FEET HAVE DEFILED.

AND SINCE CAPTAIN BRITAIN, DUE TO HIS UNRULY CONDUCT, IS NOW PROHIBITED FROM TESTIFYING, IT ONLY REMAINS TO PASS SENTENCE ON THE

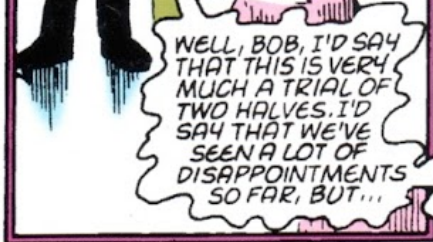
SENTENCE TO BE CARRIED OUT

SENTENCE ON THE
ACCUSED.

IMMEDIATELY.

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WELL, BOB, I'D SAY THAT THIS IS VERY MUCH A TRIAL OF TWO HALVES. I'D SAY THAT WE'VE SEEN A LOT OF DISAPPOINTMENTS SO FAR, BUT...



SKREEEEEEET!!



LINDA MCQUILLAN HAS TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES...



SHE HAS TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES ABOUT DEATH AND BLOOD AND MERCILESS THINGS WITHOUT FACES. SO DO LOTS OF OTHER PEOPLE.



AND LIKE THEM, SHE HAS TO SQUASH THEM INTO THE BACK OF HER MIND AND GET UP, AND GET DRESSED, AND GO TO WORK...



SHE WILL CATCH A BUS, LOSE HER TICKET, HOPE AN INSPECTOR DOESN'T GET ON, ARRIVE AT WORK, LET JANET TELL HER ABOUT HER SISTER'S BABY, SORT OUT HER CLAIM FILES.....

THE NIGHTMARE WILL BE FOLLOWING HER.



IT WILL BE HANGING BACK OUT OF SIGHT, LOST IN THE CROWDS THAT FILL THE HIGH STREET OR THE CANTEEN...

BUT SHE'LL KNOW THAT IT IS THERE. THAT IT IS THERE, AND THAT ONE DAY...



... ONE DAY IT'S GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HER.



THE C

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resses Commons

lon Street Battle



egislation



Sir James - 'concerned' two A spokesman for the Metropolitan Police, Inspector Dai Thomas, said yesterday that he had thoroughly applauded Sir James' actions...





Hero's
By Curt Vile,
Political Editor
Sir James Add
Following Lond
Call for
Conservative me
for Haslope West.
ed yesterday in
Commons for s
disciplinary measur
be brought to bear
on the recent influ
superhuman beings
have arrived in
country, some othe
thought to be men
in origin, Sir Ta
plea comes after
events of last N
ember, in which
people were killed
large amounts of p
erty damaged durin
fight between
superhumans in Lond



NEXT ARRIVALS.



IT ARRIVED AN HOUR AGO.
SPACE BURST LIKE A BLISTER
AND IT TUMBLED OUT OF
NOWHERE.

Alan
Moore &
Alan Davis
CO-CREATORS
STEVE CRADDOCK
LETTERER
BERNIE JAYE
EDITOR

IT IS NOT A MACHINE, NOT ENTIRELY.
NOR IS IT WHOLLY AN ANIMAL. IT IS
A CYBIOTE. IT COMES FROM
ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

ITS JOURNEY WAS NOT
PLEASANT. ITS BACK IS
BROKEN. IT NO LONGER
HAS ANY LIMBS.



DURING THE LAST HOUR
IT HAS GROWN A GLAND
CAPABLE OF SECRETING
ACID AND USED IT TO
BREAK DOWN THE
SURROUNDING SCRAP
INTO A MORE ABSORB-
ABLE FORM.



IT NEEDS METAL TO
REBUILD ITSELF. METAL,
AND ONE OTHER THING...



MRS.
MCGEARY?

WAS THAT YOU
SAYING 'SHIZIK'
JUST NOW?



MRS. McGEARY?



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY DIMENSION...

BY 'ECK, LAD... I 'OPE THA KNOWS WHAT THA'S GETTIN' INTO 'ERE.



WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING INTO.

I'M IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE FIGHTING AN ALTERNATE VERSION OF MYSELF ALONGSIDE A GROUP OF PARAHUMAN MERCENARIES WHO WANT ME TO HELP THE WRONGLY ACCUSED MAJESTRIX OF...



DO YOU EVER GET HALFWAY THROUGH A SENTENCE AND FIND YOURSELF UNABLE TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE ACTUALLY SAYING IT?



NO.



HELL, I KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO



HAPPEN,

LEGION, GET CAPTAIN BRITAIN OUT OF HERE WHILE I ROUND UP THE REST OF THE SPECIAL EXEC. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP.

WHERE'S WARDOG?



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WARDOG?

HE'S

LOOKING

AFTER

THE

MONEY...



YOUR WHYNNESS, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A SENSITIVE OMNIVERSAL TYRANT LIKE YOURSELF.

ALLOW ME TO TELESCORT YOU TO SAFETY.

WHY, THANK YOU, WARDOG, YOU'RE VERY KIND.



IT'S INBRED, YOUR WHYNNESS. MY MOTHER WAS A DEMON, BUT MY FATHER WAS A SAINT.

BERNARD?



COBWEB, DID YOU KNOW WE WERE GOING TO RUN INTO THIS WHEN WE GOT OUTSIDE?

YES.

WHEN?

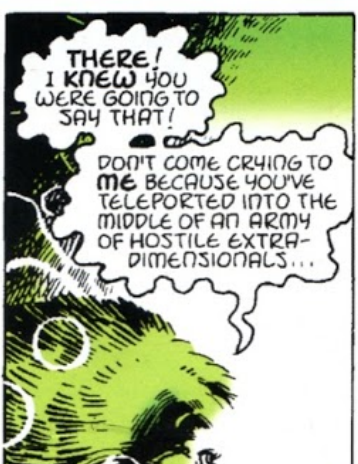


LAST YEAR? COULDN'T YOU HAVE TOLD US??



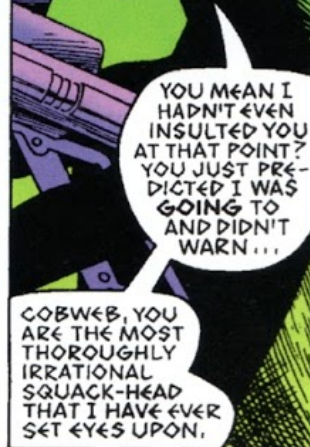
THAT I WAS GOING TO...

YOU DIDN'T WARN US BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO INSULT YOU?



THERE! I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT!

DON'T COME CRYING TO ME BECAUSE YOU'VE TELEPORTED INTO THE MIDDLE OF AN ARMY OF HOSTILE EXTRA-DIMENSIONALS...





SHE LEAVES THE FLAT EARLIER THAN USUAL, AFTER THE MORNING PAPER, BEFORE THE MILKMAN...



NO, SHE COULDN'T WAIT. SHE HAD TO LEAVE, AFTER THE DREAM... AFTER THE MORNING HEADLINES...



BRR?



ZIK



HAD TO.



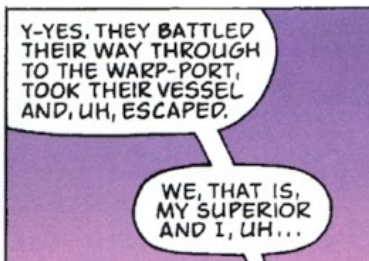
ELSEWHERE...

LORD MANDRAGON?



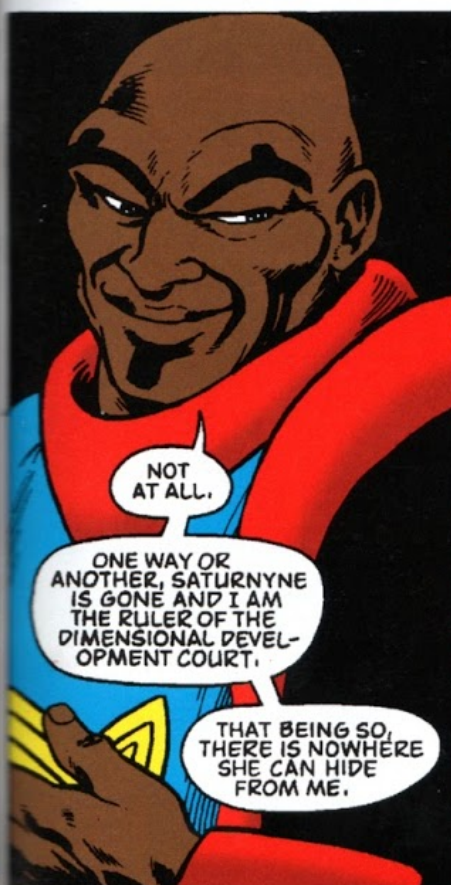
THE, UH, PARAHUMANS AND THE SUPERHERO, CAPTAIN BRITAIN...

AND, UH THE TRAITORESS SATURNINE...



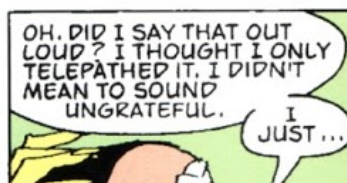
Y-YES, THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE WARP-PORT, TOOK THEIR VESSEL AND, UH, ESCAPED.

WE, THAT IS, MY SUPERIOR AND I, UH...



BRADDOCK MANOR...

NORTH OF OUR BROTHER...









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HUNDREDS!

HOW DO YOU
CONTAIN A BEING
THAT CAN UPROOT
MOUNTAINS OR
WALK THROUGH
WALLS?

WE HAVE ENCOURAGED
THEM! LAST MONTH, PRESIDENT
RONALD REAGAN GRANTED A
FULL PARDON TO THE MINDLESS
ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION KNOWN
AS THE HULK.

HOW DO YOU REPRIMAND
CREATURES THAT ARE
INDESTRUCTIBLE, THAT
CAN BEND THE VERY
LIGHTNING TO THEIR
WILL?

SIR JAMES
JASPERS, M.P.

HOW DO WE
SUPPRESS THE
SUPERMEN?

BUT LET
THEM KNOW
THIS...

IMPREGNABLE THOUGH THEY
MAY BE, HUMANITY IS AWARE
OF THE MENACE THEY POSE. WE
HAVE CLOSED OUR RANKS AGAINST
THEM AND WE STAND
DETERMINED...

...WAITING TO
SEE WHO WILL
MAKE THE NEXT
MOVE.

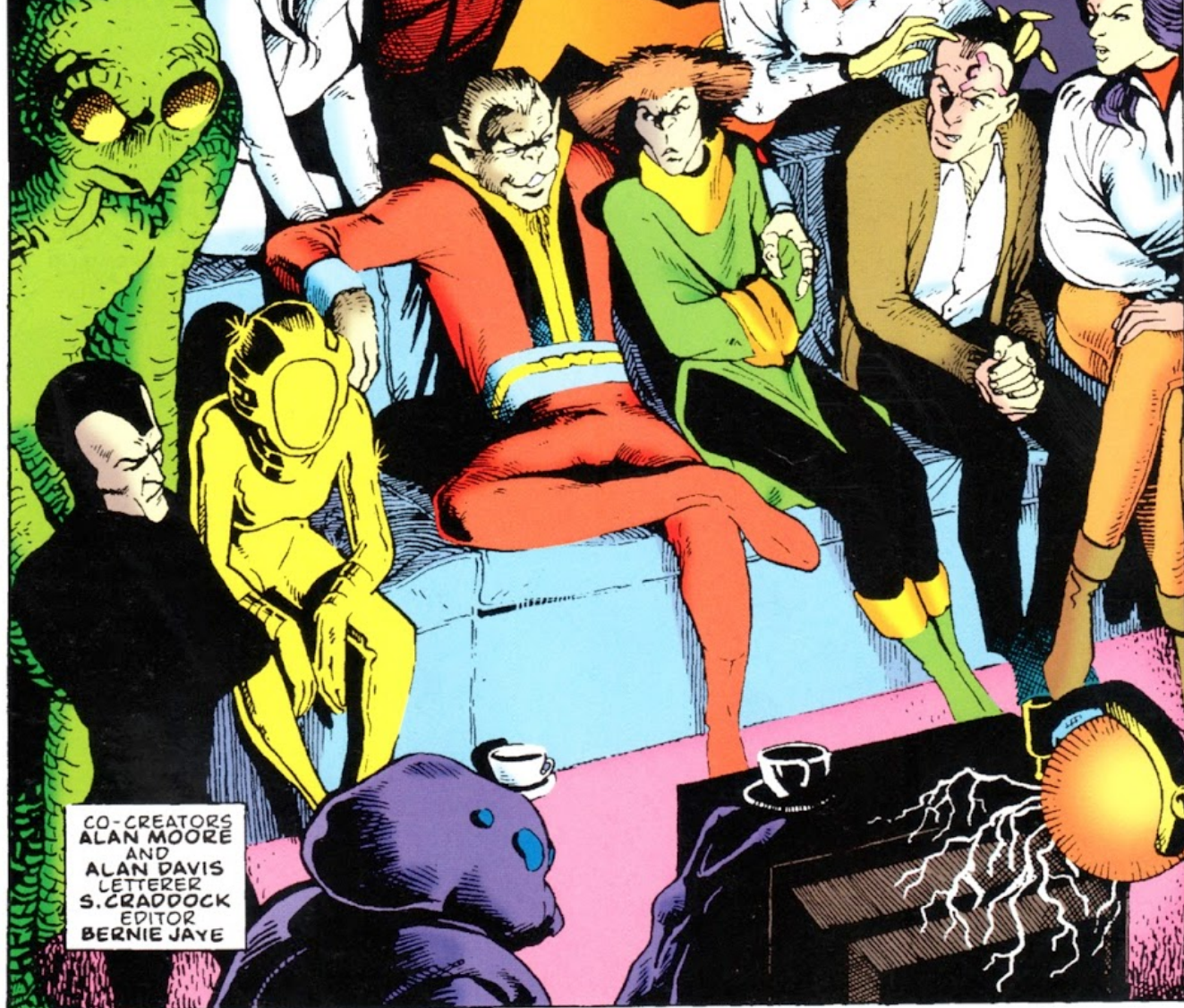
STALE...

...MATE.

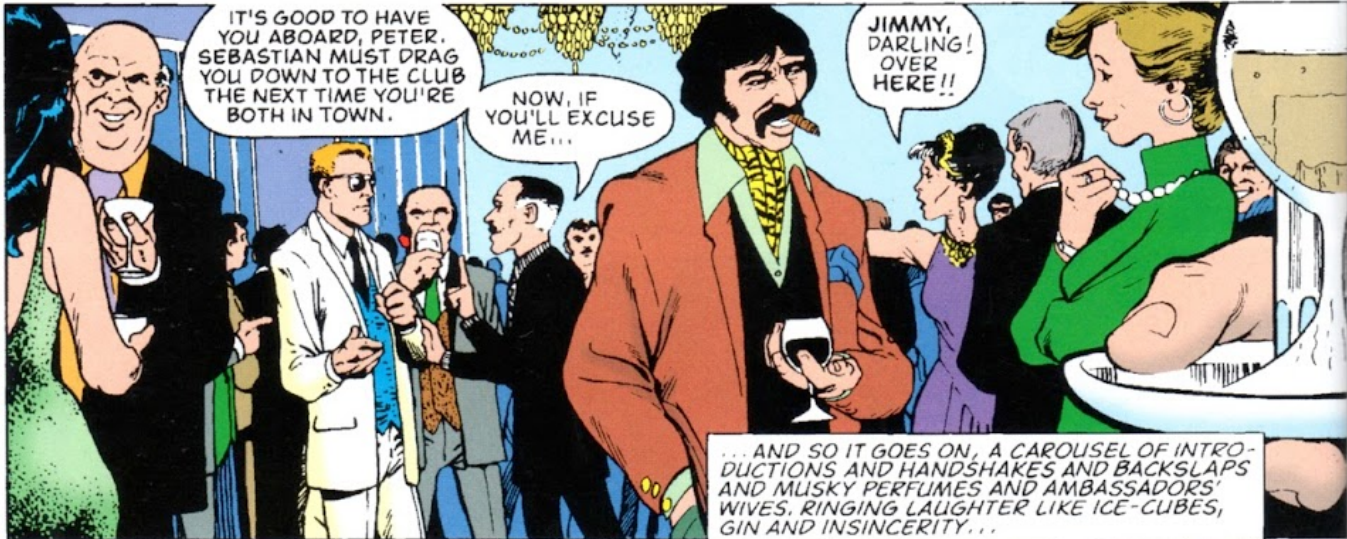
WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

CAPTAIN BRITAIN









IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, PETER. SEBASTIAN MUST DRAG YOU DOWN TO THE CLUB THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE BOTH IN TOWN.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

JIMMY, DARLING! OVER HERE!!

... AND SO IT GOES ON, A CAROUSEL OF INTRODUCTIONS AND HANDSHAKES AND BACKSLAPS AND MUSKY PERFUMES AND AMBASSADORS' WIVES, RINGING LAUGHTER LIKE ICE-CUBES, GIN AND INSINCERITY...



HE FEELS GHOSTLY AND DISTANT AGAIN.

HE WANTS TO LAUGH, BUT HE FEELS TOO SAD BECAUSE THE WINE IS WRONG, IT'S WHITE WINE, HE DOESN'T LIKE WHITE WINE.



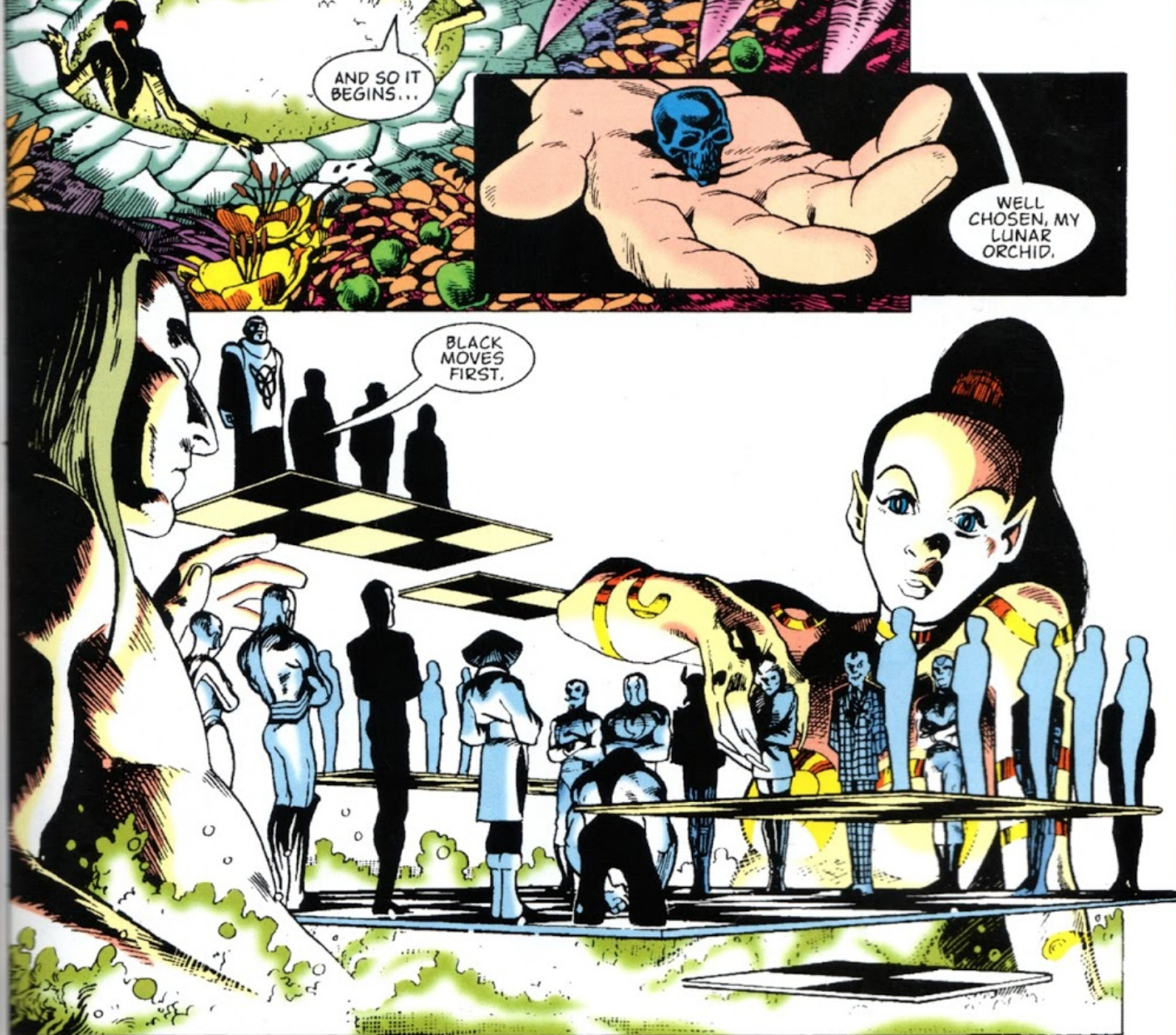
HE ONLY LIKES RED WINE.



A CABINET MINISTER IS TELLING A STORY ABOUT A NUN AND A RHESUS MONKEY.

THE BRITTLE SHRIEKS OF DISTANT HOSTESSES SPLINTER AGAINST THE SMOKE-BLUE GLASSINESS OF EVERYTHING. A CROOKED MAN IS SMILING A CROOKED SMILE.







YOUR FORCES NOW
CONTROL S.T.R.I.K.E. FROM
WITHIN, DO THEY NOT ?



MY... ?

WHO IS
THIS ?



THAT'S NOT
IMPORTANT.

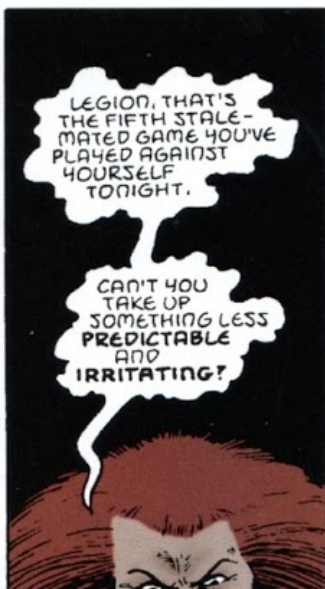
WHAT IS IMPORTANT
IS THAT WITHIN A WEEK,
S.T.R.I.K.E. WILL RECEIVE
DIRECT ORDERS FROM THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO
ERADICATE ALL SUPER-
HEROES.

PREPARE
YOURSELF.

TOODLE-OO.



STALE...



LEGION, THAT'S
THE FIFTH STALE-
MATED GAME YOU'VE
PLAYED AGAINST
YOURSELF
TONIGHT.

CAN'T YOU
TAKE UP
SOMETHING LESS
PREDICTABLE
AND
IRRITATING?



COME ON...

WE'VE GOT TO
WORK OUT WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO
DO ABOUT THIS
SITUATION.



ZEITGEIST...

NO, COME ON,
WARDOG! WE'RE
ONLY HERE UNTIL
SATURNYNE PAYS
US THE MONEY
WE'RE DUE.

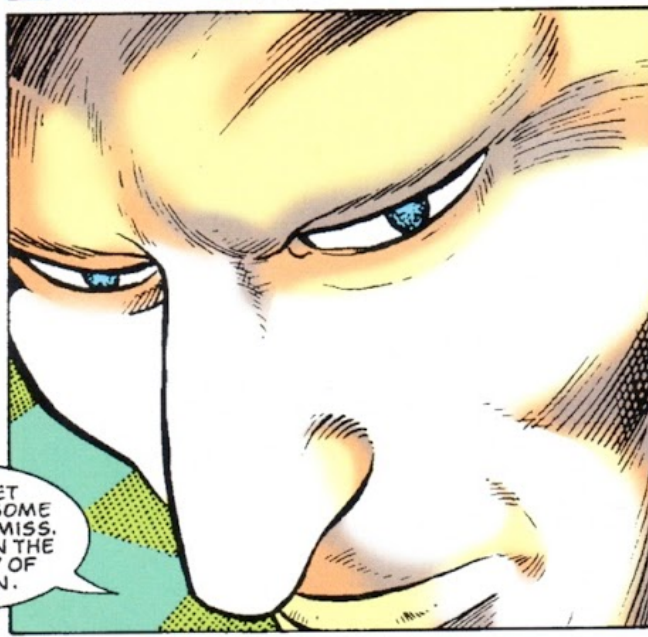


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AND
YET...

... AND YET
IT SEEMS SOME
FACTOR IS AMISS.
IT LOOMS ON THE
PERIPHERY OF
MY VISION.



I
WONDER...

CAN
IT BE?



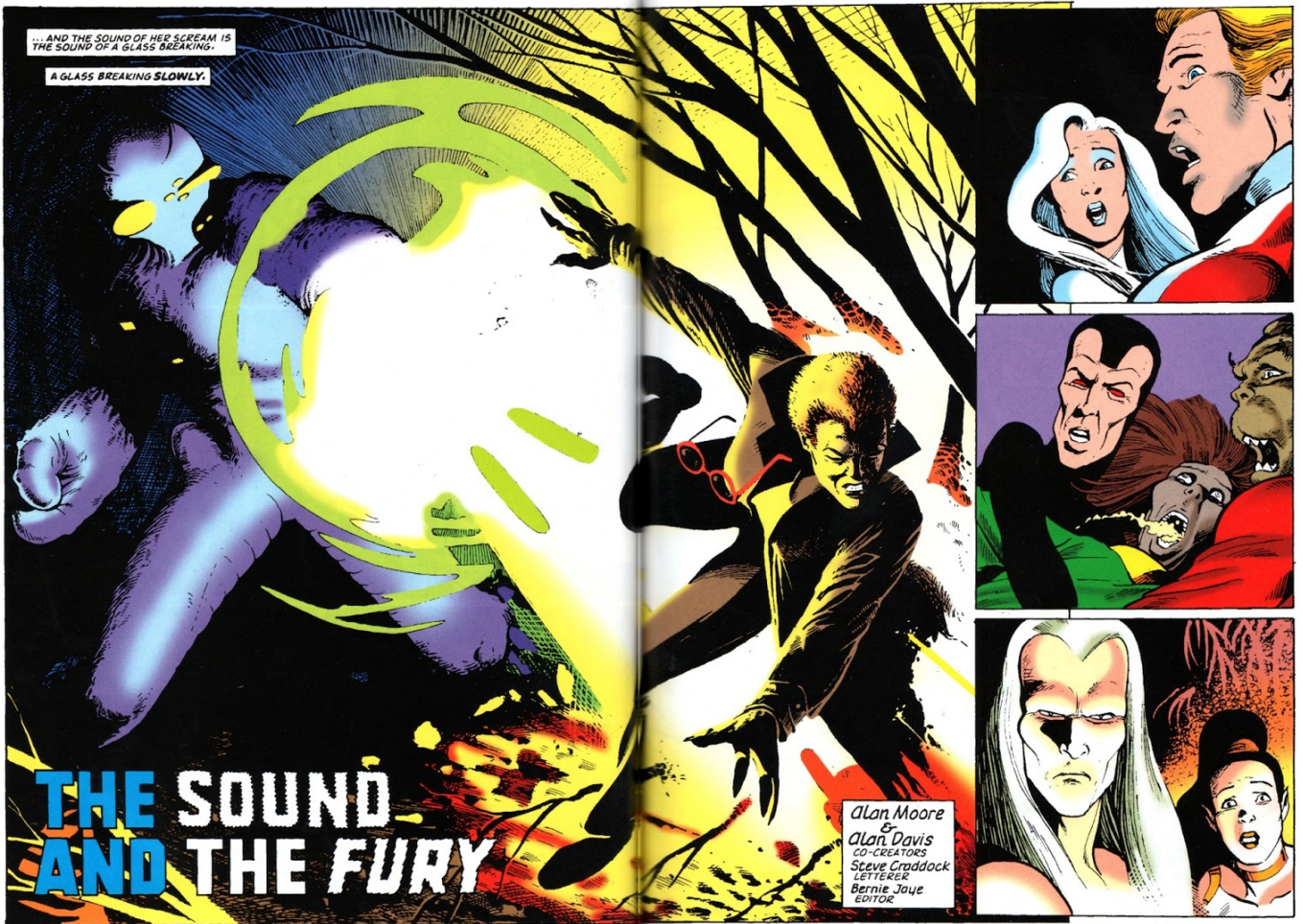


"CAN I HAVE
FORGOTTEN
SOMETHING?"

+SECONDARY TARGET SIGHTED++
ATTACK SEQUENCE COMMENCES+

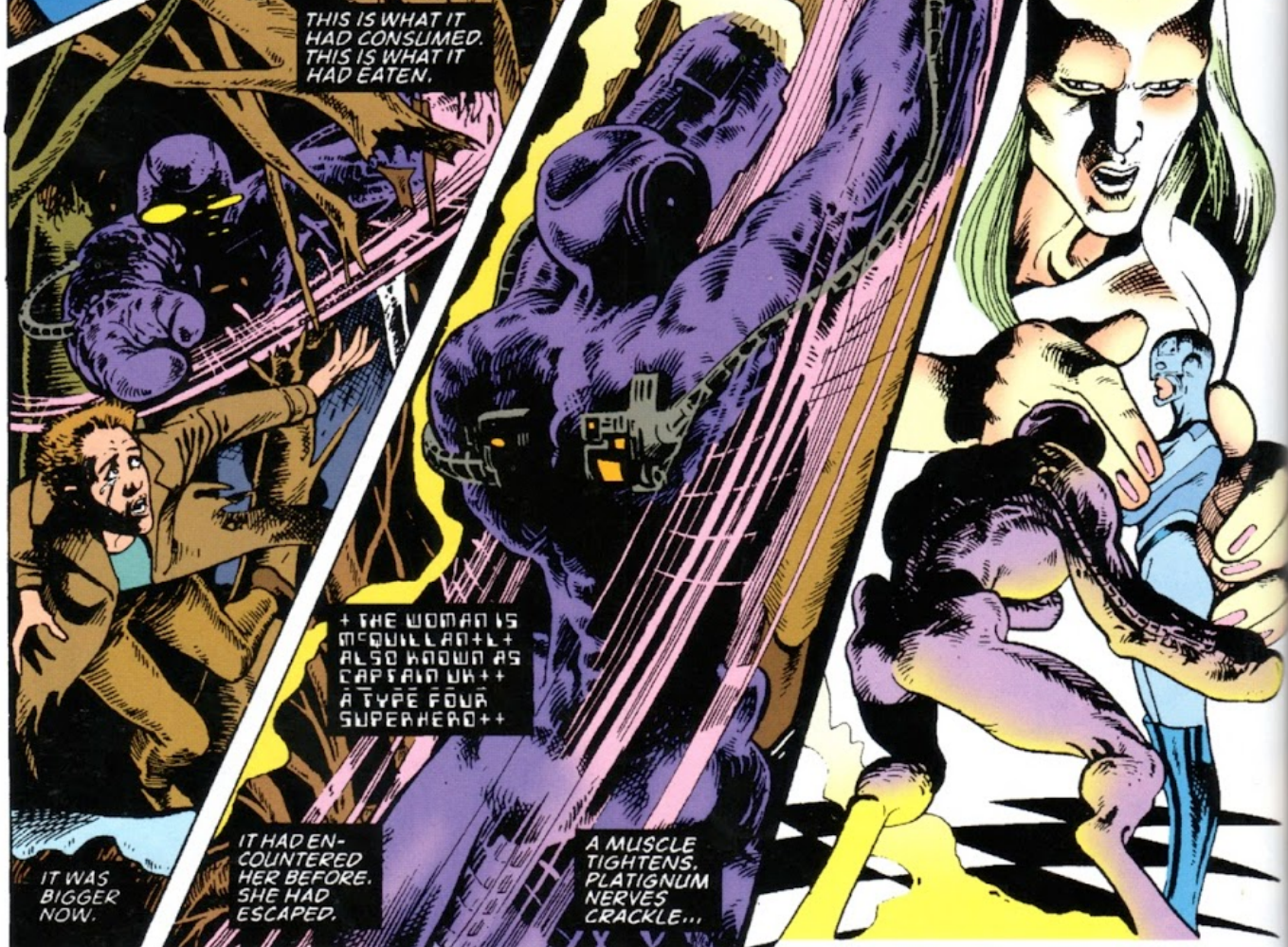
NEXT > GOTTERDAMMERUNG.





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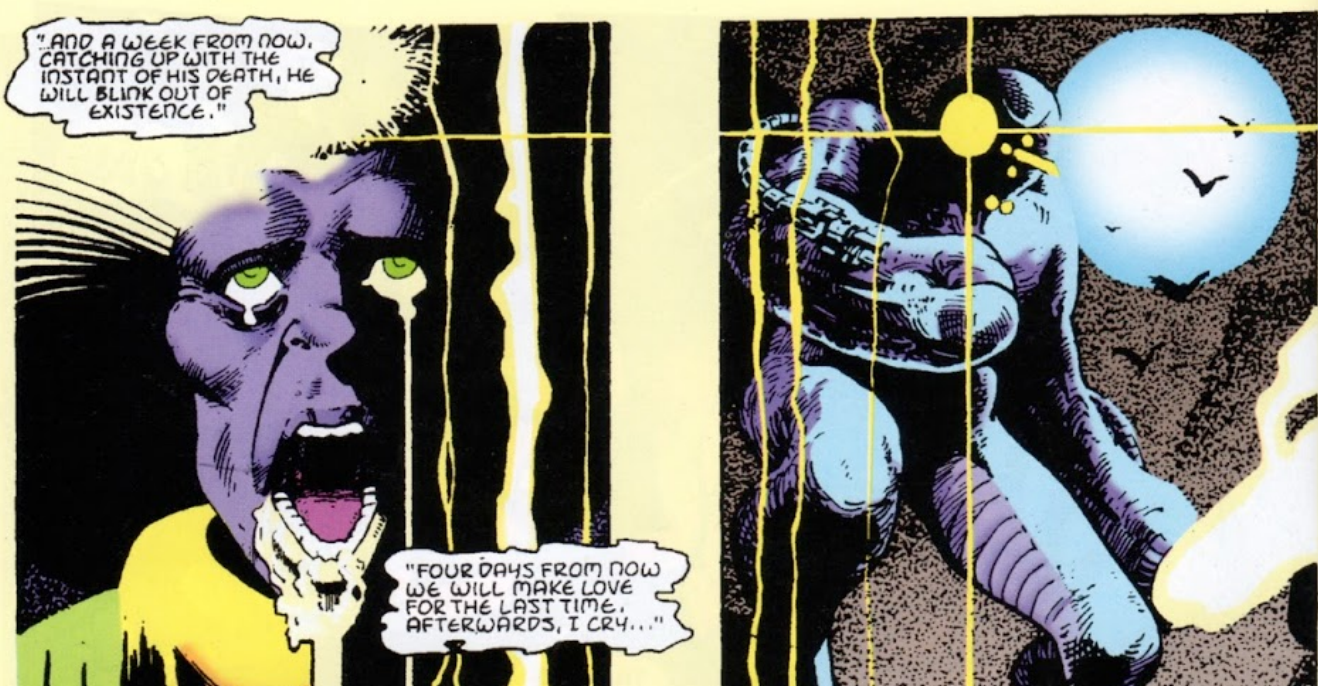


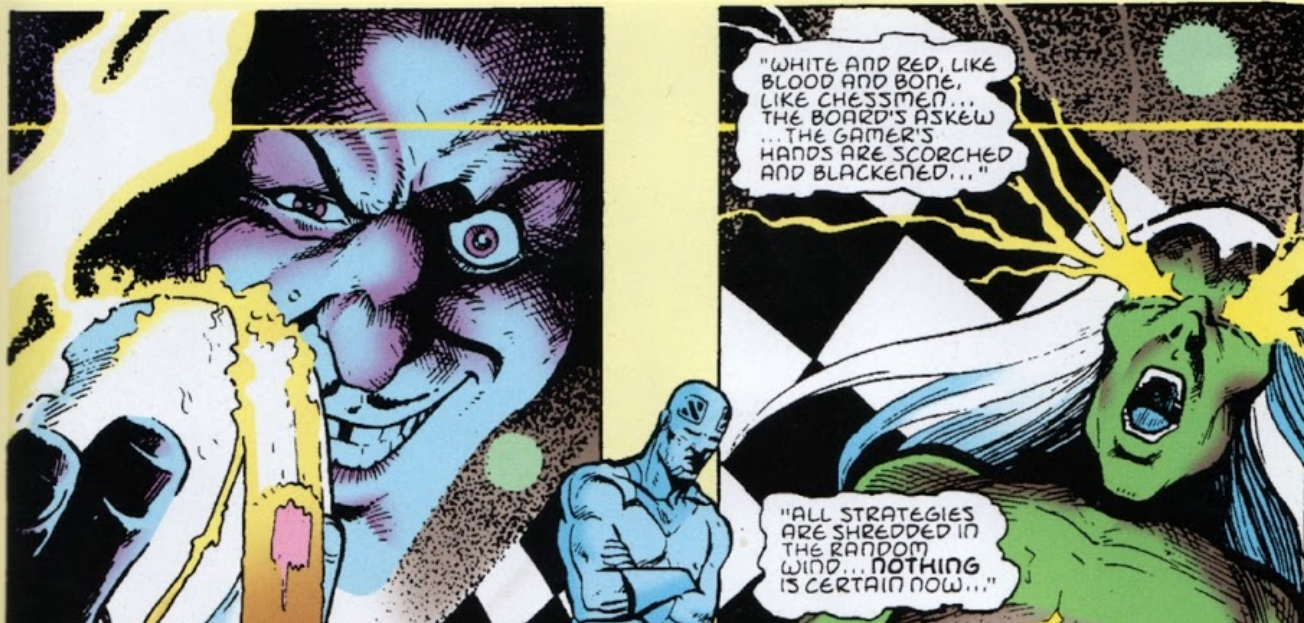
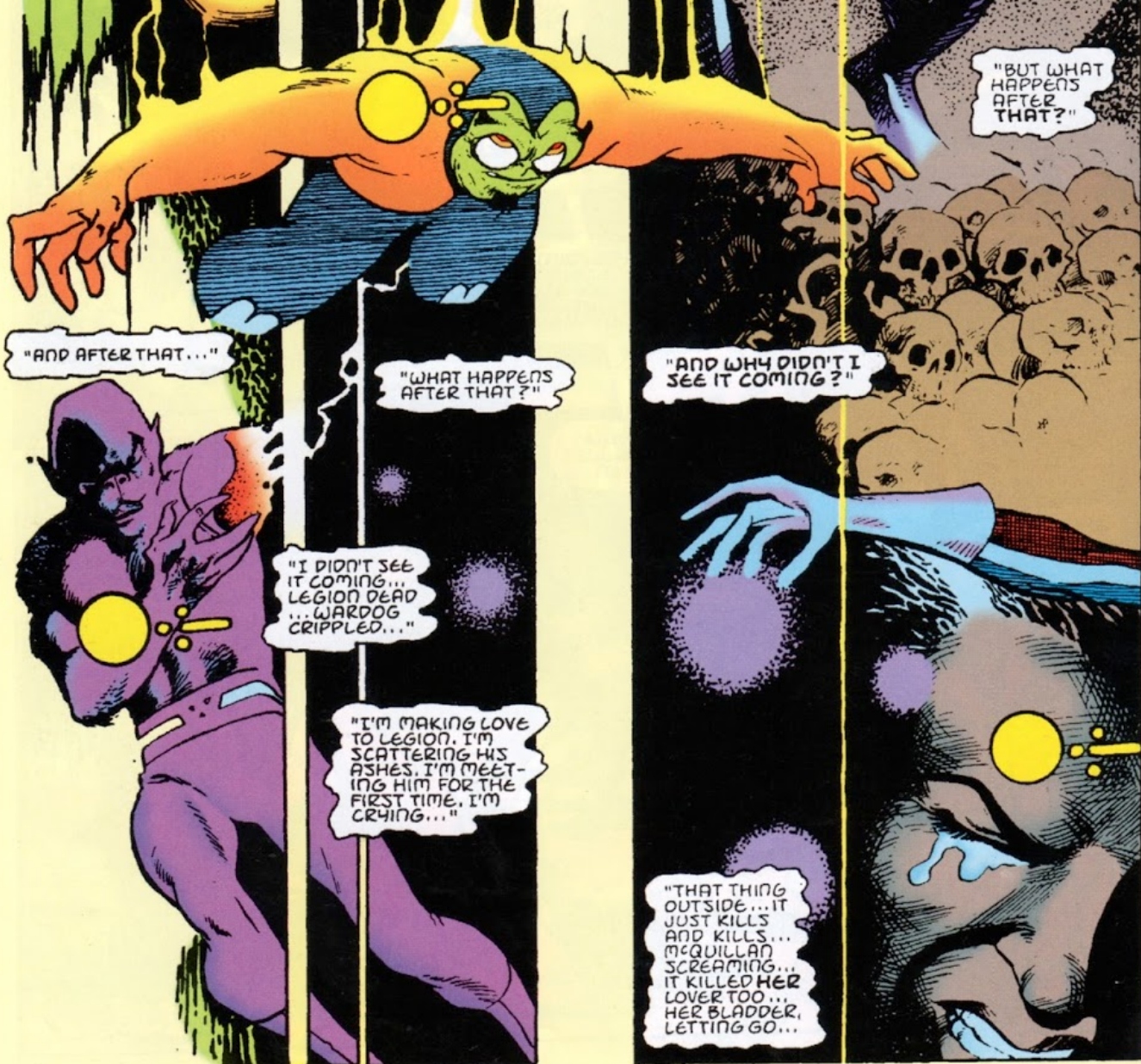














"SHOULDN'T BE HERE...
PATTERN BROKEN...
THERE WAS A CROOKED
MAN AND HE...
WHITE WINE, TURNING
RED..."



"BUT IF THIS GAME IS
LOST... IF THIS WORLD
FALLS... I SEE A
UNIVERSE EATEN
ALIVE BY CHAOS..."

"...AND ANOTHER UNI-
VERSE... AND ANOTHER,
LIKE DOMINOES...
TUMBLING..."

"I SEE THE
FUTURE..."

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"...AND IT IS CANCELLED."

WAAAAARRR!!



IT'S BLACK.



AND IT'S
COMFORTABLE.

WHERE
IS HE?

THE COMFORTABLE

HE HAD BEEN TALKING
TO THE WOMAN, LINDA
McQUILLAN, CAPTAIN
U.K. ...



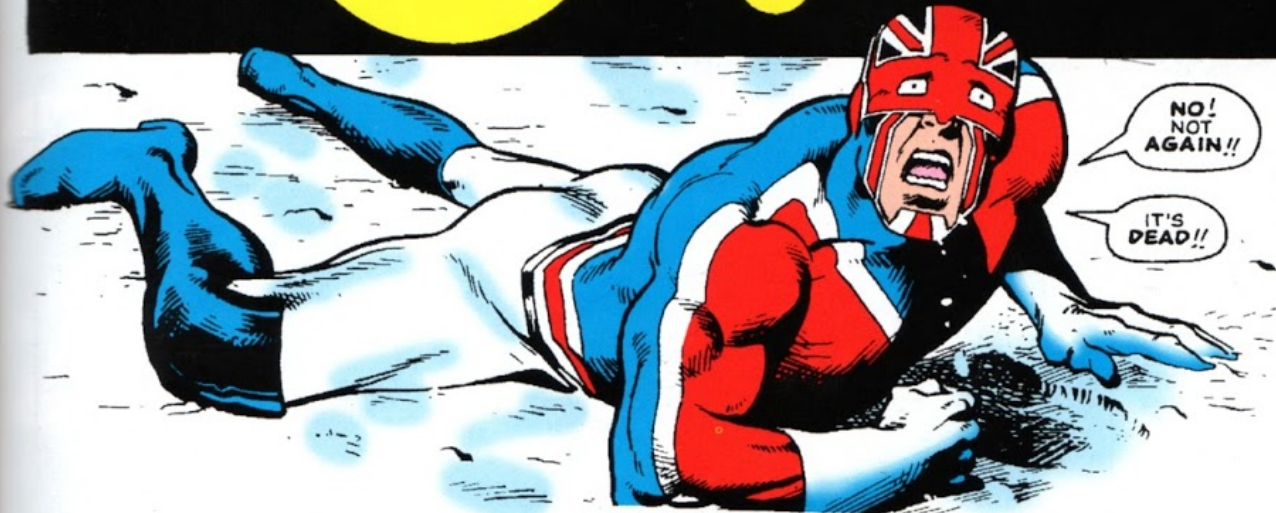
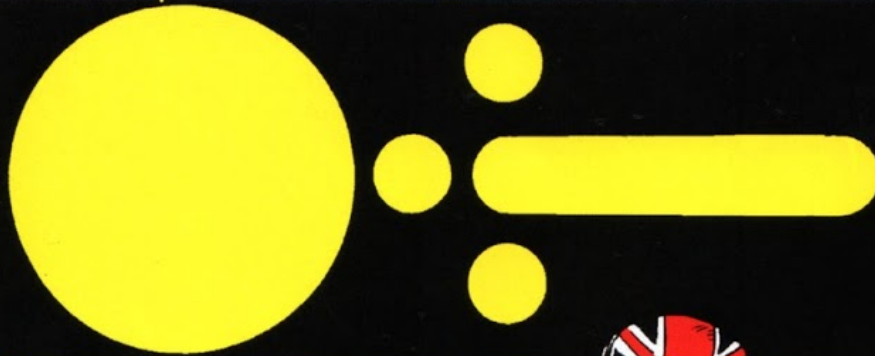
SHE HAD WALKED AWAY FROM HIM,
WHITE COAT VANISHING OVER THE
DARK LAWNS OF BRADDOCK MANOR...

AND THEN
A SCREAM.



THE SHRILL, HOPELESS SCREAM
OF AN ANIMAL, PARALYSED WITH
TERROR...

HE'D GONE TO INVESTIGATE,
NATURALLY. THE THING HAD
BEEN STANDING ASTRIDE HER.
IT KNOCKED HIM DOWN. HE
GOT UP AGAIN. IT TURNED TO
FACE HIM. HE SAW WHAT IT
WAS...



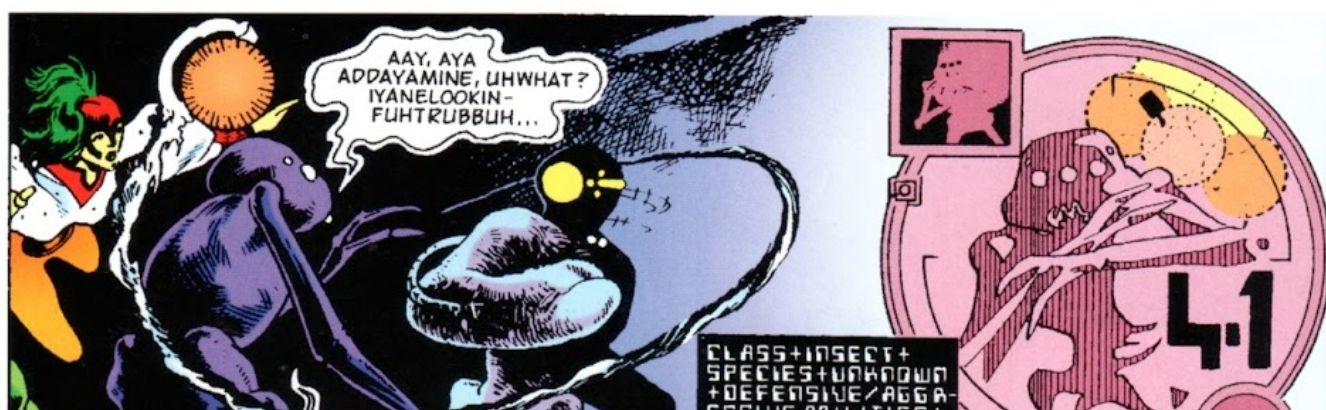
NO!
NOT
AGAIN!!

IT'S
DEAD!!

**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

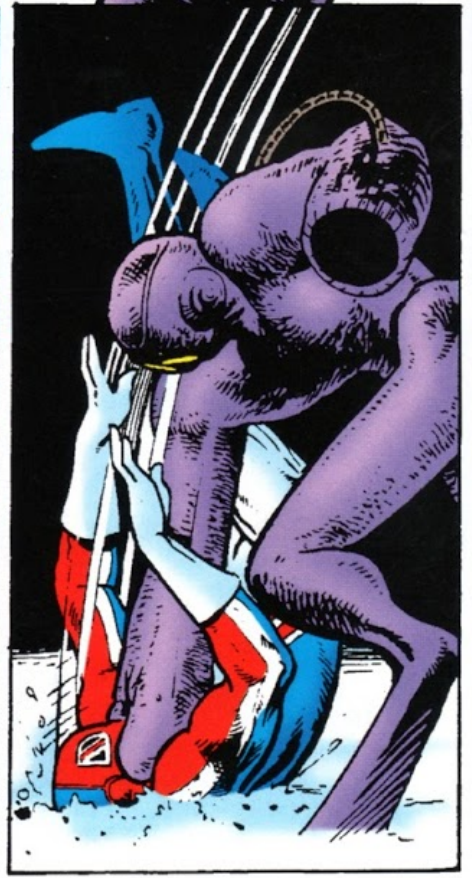
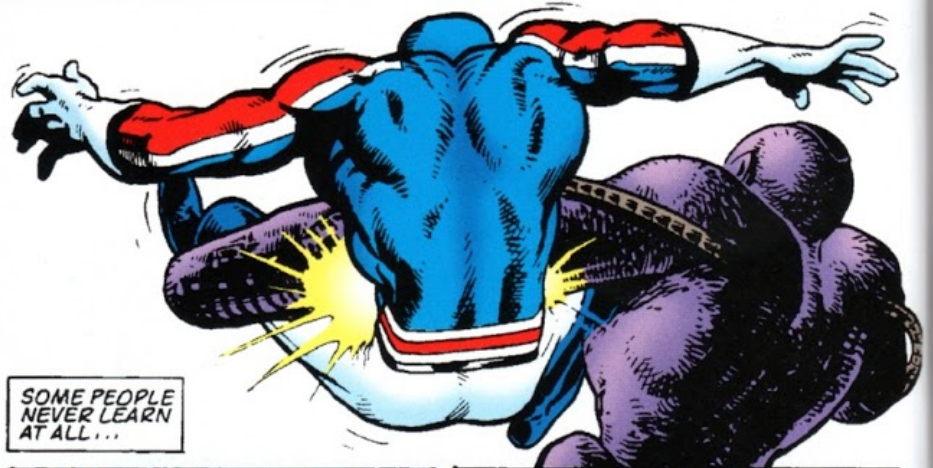










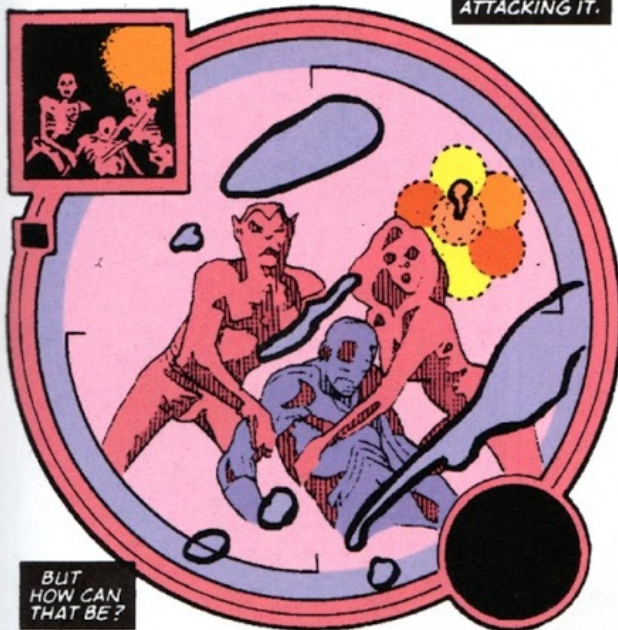
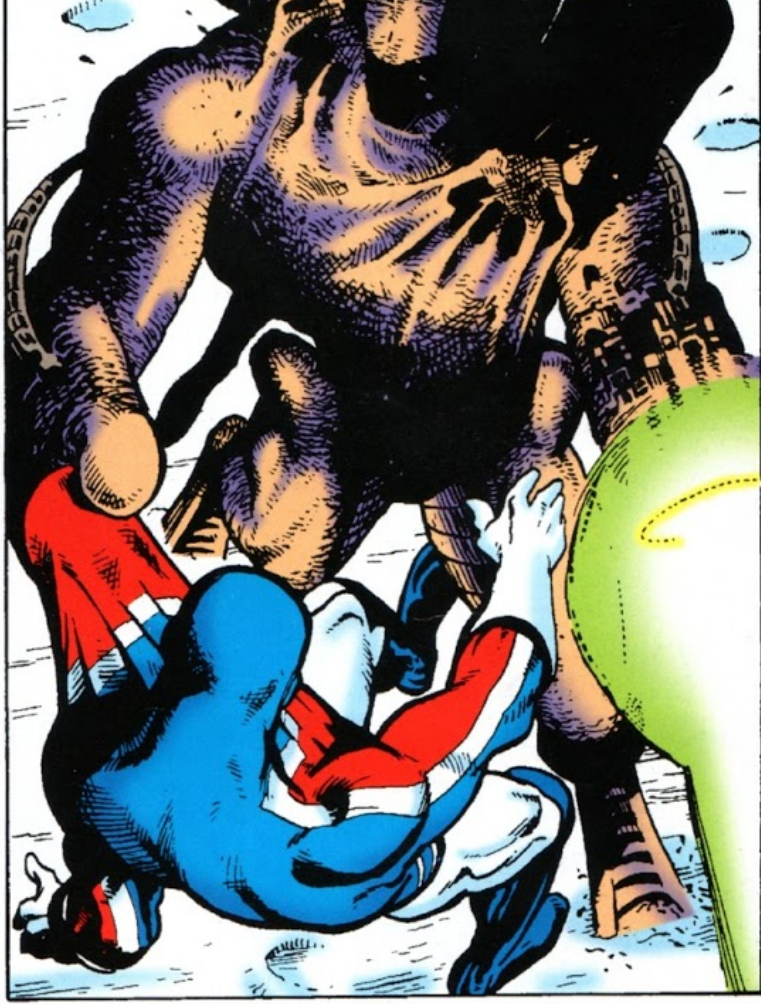


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WHILE
OTHERS ONLY
LEARN WHEN
IT'S ALMOST
TOO LATE.



SOMETHING IS
ATTACKING IT.

BUT
HOW CAN
THAT BE?



HOW CAN THAT BE
WHEN THERE ISN'T
ANYTHING THERE?

IT TRIES FOR
AN INFRA-RED
INDICATION.

IT TRIES TO PICK UP
UP BRAIN WAVES.

FRANTICALLY, IT
SEARCHES FOR
THE MOST BASIC
MOLECULAR
ACTIVITY.

ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.



NOTHING+



NOTHING+

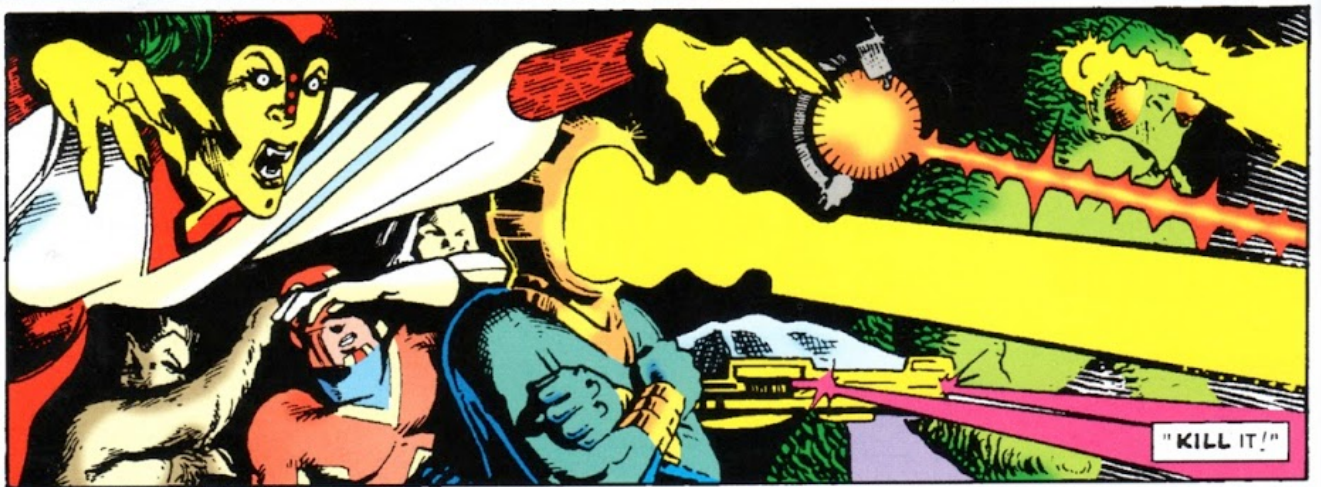


NOTHING+

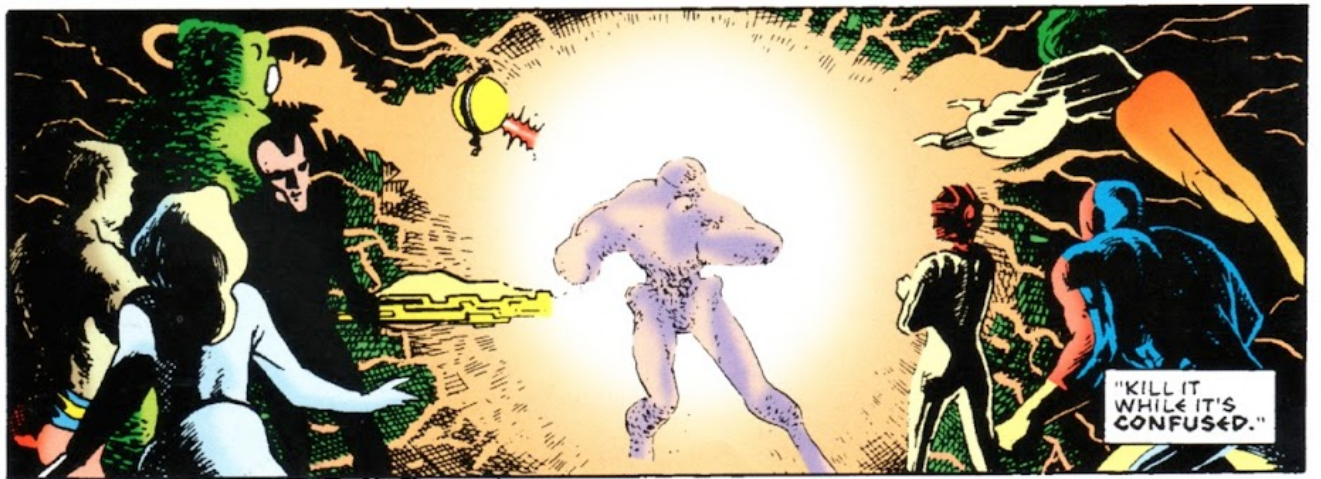


IT CAN'T REGISTER MY PRESENCE.

WHAT'S EVERYBODY WAITING FOR?



"KILL IT!"



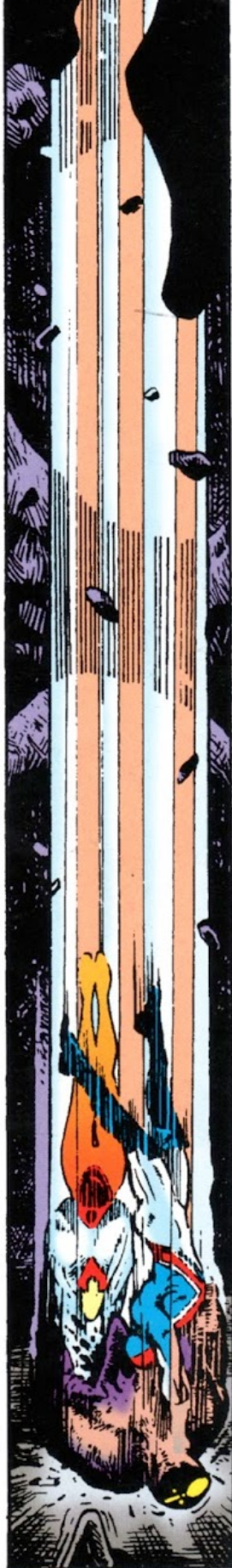
"KILL IT WHILE IT'S CONFUSED."





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NOTHING.

IT WENT THROUGH



WHERE'S IT GONE?

INTO THE CAVE SYSTEM... IT'S BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK.

IT'LL BE BACK.



YES, WE'D ALL BETTER MOVE OUT OF THE MANOR.

BUT IT'S MY HOME. I LIVE HERE.

DO YOU WANT TO FACE THAT THING AGAIN?



NO, NO I DON'T.

YOU'RE RIGHT. WE CAN ALL TRAVEL TOGETHER. MAYBE DOWN TO LONDON... SEE IF WE CAN SORT OUT THIS JAMES JASPERS BUSINESS.

ONLY...



... ONLY WHAT ABOUT HER?



SHE'LL NEED TREATMENT FOR SHOCK...

...AND SOME CLEAN CLOTHES. SHE'S WET.

SO? WHY SHOULD SHE GET SPECIAL TREATMENT? SHE DIDN'T EVEN HELP US FIGHT THAT THING.

EVERY-BODY'S WET.



NOT WET LIKE HER.

SHE'S WET BECAUSE SHE WAS VERY FRIGHTENED.

GROW UP, CAPTAIN.



ZEITGEIST...

LOOK, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR...



I DON'T WANT YOUR THANKS, WARDOG!

I ONLY STEPPED IN TO PREVENT EVERY-BODY GETTING KILLED BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPIDITY.

AS IT WAS, I WAS ALMOST TOO LATE.

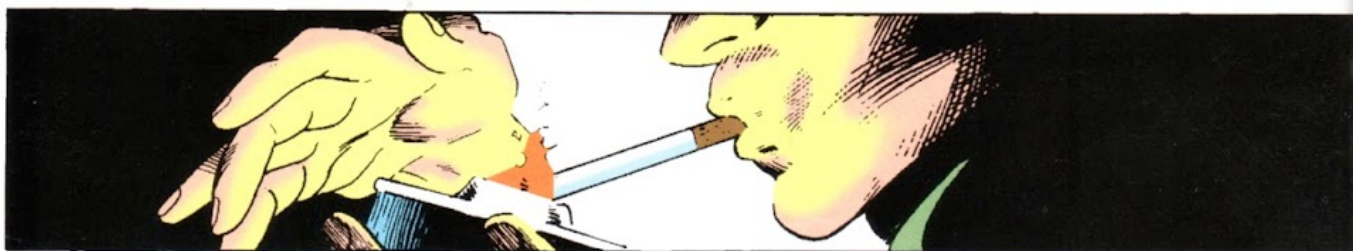


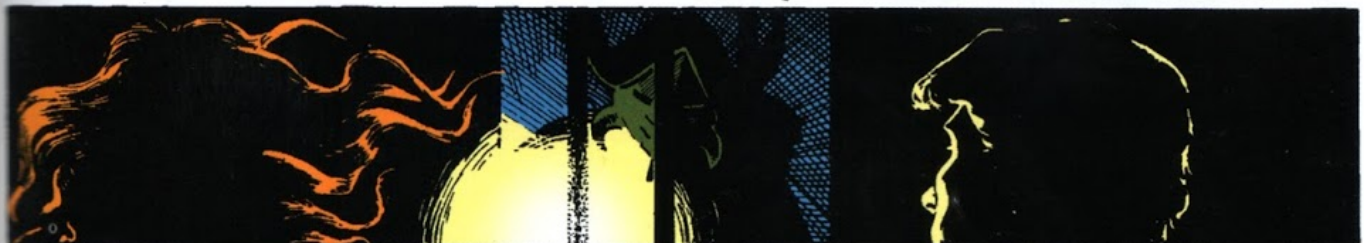




SKKRITCH

SKKRETCH







FROM THE WEB

BY ZERGNET



Laura From 'Family Matters' is 43 Now and an Absolute Bombshell



Lex From 'Jurassic Park' is an Absolute Bombshell Today at 39





"NOT HIM?"

"NO, NO, NOT HIM, SOMEONE ELSE."

"HE WAS ASKED TO SEE HIS PAPERS."



"HE SAID THE DISTRICT MARSHALL'S OFFICE HADN'T SENT HIM ANY YET."



"ONE OF THEM SAID HE'D GOT FUNNY-COLOURED EYES. YOU KNOW, THE WAY THEY START."

"YOU'VE GOT FUNNY-COLOURED EYES! NO I HAVEN'T. THEY'RE GREY! 'THEY'RE FUNNY!' 'MUTANTS HAVE FUNNY EYES! CYBORGS HAVE FUNNY EYES! ALIENS HAVE FUNNY EYES!'"



"THEN THEIR MATE SAYS 'YOU'RE RIGHT, GEORGE! HE HAS GOT FUNNY EYES! LOOK AT THEM LITTLE YELLOW SPECKS IN THE MIDDLE!'"

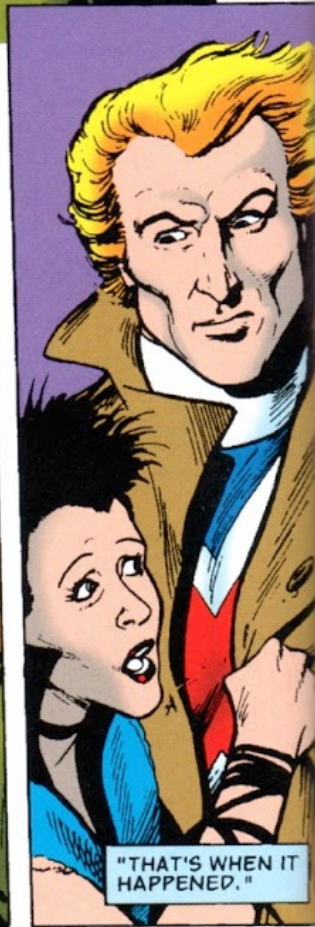
"YOU KNOW."

"YOU KNOW HOW THEY START."



"ANYWAY, THIS FELLA'S GIRLFRIEND WAS IN THE FOODLINE. SHE STARTED ROARING AND GOING HYSTERICAL."

"THERE WAS THIS BIG BLOKE BEHIND HER IN THE LINE. SHE WAS ASKING HIM FOR HELP, SHE WAS PULLING AT HIS COAT..."



"THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED."



"SHE BLEW THE WHISTLE ON HIM."

"SHE DIDN'T."



"SHE DID. 'OVER HERE! HE'S THE ONE YOU WANT! HE'S WEARING A COSTUME! HE'S ONE OF THEM!'"



"AND THEN THE FOOTLINE JUST PARTED AROUND HIM, AND HE JUST STOOD THERE."

"AND WAS HE AS BIG AS THEY SAY? DID HE STAND UP STRAIGHT AND HAVE GOLDEN HAIR AND BURNING EYES?"

"THAT'S WHAT I HEARD."



"AND THEN ALL OF THE BEETLES RUSHED HIM AT ONCE."

"ALL OF THEM? YOU SAID THERE WERE ONLY TWO."



"DID I? I MUST HAVE FORGOT ABOUT THE OTHERS."



"ACTUALLY, THERE WERE ABOUT THIRTY."



"THIRTY? AND DID HE BEAT THEM?"



"NO I DIDN'T. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF THEM."

"...AND THEN HE GOT AWAY."

"WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?"





"BEAT THEM?"

"HE SLAUGHTERED THEM.
AT THE END HE WAS
FIGHTING ON TOP OF A
PILE OF BODIES, FIFTY MEN
DEEP!"

"YOU SAID THIRTY."



"AND HE
SLAUGHTERED
THEM!"



NOT MUCH.
JUST BITS AND
PIECES.

"SOMEONE SAID HE'D COME DOWN FROM THE NORTH, MARCHING INTO LONDON WITH AN ARMY OF TELEPATHS AND SUPERHEROES BEHIND HIM."

PLATFORM
6



"AND SOMEONE ELSE SAID THAT THEY WERE GOING TO STORM THROUGH THE STREETS AND CRUSH ALL THE BEETLES AND NOTHING WOULD STOP THEM AND WE SHOULD ALL BE FREE."

"AND SOMEBODY SAID HE'D BEEN KILLED."



"AND SOMEONE SAID HE'D BEEN TORTURED, AND INFORMED ON ALL HIS FRIENDS."

"THE FAT GIRL IN THE END BLOCK SAID THAT LAST WEEK."



I MARKED HER.

MARKED HER FACE.

SERVES HER RIGHT. FAT LIAR.



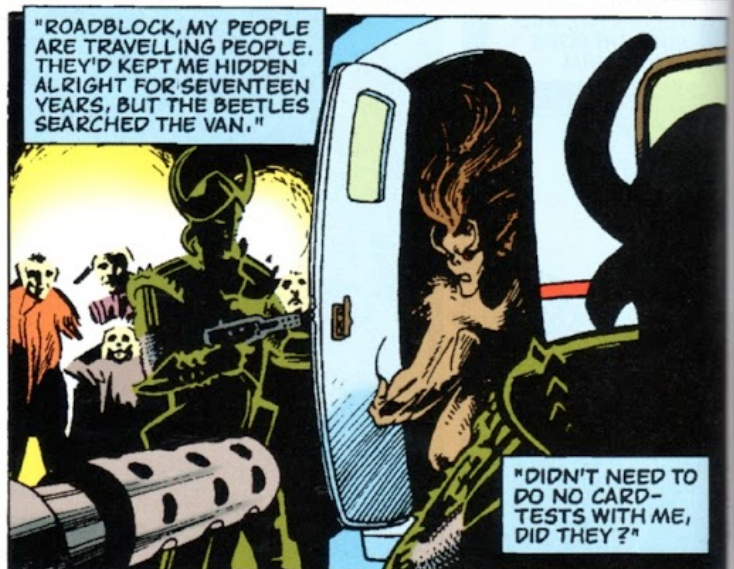
HOW
DID THEY
GET YOU
THEN?



"AT SCHOOL, THEY DID THE
E.S.P. CARD TESTS WITH THE
TRIANGLES AND WAVY LINES.
DIDN'T TELL US WHAT FOR."

"I GOT 48% RIGHT.
HERE I AM."

"YOU?"



"DIDN'T NEED TO
DO NO CARD-
TESTS WITH ME,
DID THEY?"



... AND IF I'M STILL
ALIVE BY THE NEXT
FULL MOON THEY'LL
BLOODY KNOW ABOUT
IT AN' ALL!



≥FFFF...≤

≥FF-FFFT.≤

DO YOU THINK
HE'S REALLY OUT
THERE?

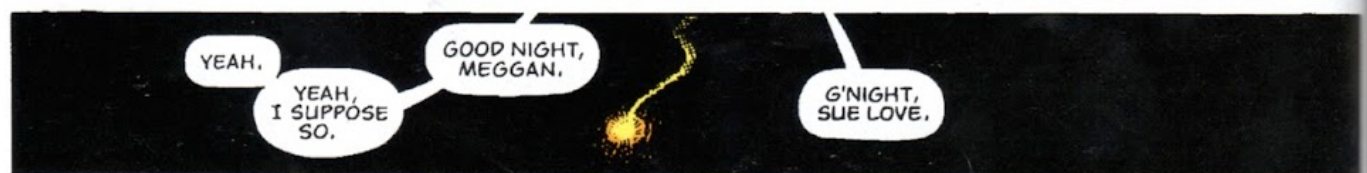
DO YOU
THINK HE'LL
COME?



HE'S
GOT TO
COME.

HE'S
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.

HE'S
GOT TO
COME.



YEAH.

YEAH,
I SUPPOSE
SO.

GOOD NIGHT,
MEGGAN.

G'NIGHT,
SUE LOVE.





**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

PROLOGUE:
IT'S ENGLAND...

**The
TWISTED
WORLD**
(REPRISE)

... NOT THAT YOU'D
EVER KNOW.

UH...
I THINK WE
GOT A READIN'
TONY...

YOU'RE JOKIN',
THERE'S NOTHING
UP HERE BUT
RUBBLE.

DUNNO WHY
THE VIXEN
SENT US OUT
HERE.

SHE RUNS
S.T.R.I.K.E. NOW,
SHE'S GOT ACCESS
TO THEIR FILES, SHE
KNOWS S.T.R.I.K.E.
BOMBED BRADDOCK
MANOR YEARS
AGO...

MAYBE SHE'S
SUSPICIOUS OF
OLD STATELY HOMES.
REMEMBER THAT RICH
OLD BAG WE PULLED
LAST WEEK? LADY
FARNSWORTH?

AH WELL,
S'POSE WE
BETTER GO
AN' CHECK
IT OUT...

AY, WAS IT
REALLY LAST
WEEK THEY NICK-
ED FARNSWORTH?
I THOUGHT THAT
WAS MONTHS
AGO...

TURNS OUT
SHE USED TO
BE A SUPER-
WOMAN BACK
IN W.W.II...

BESIDES,
THERE'S PLENTY
MORE WIERDOHS
IN THE CITY TO
TRACK DOWN...

ANYWAY, THIS
SENSOR'S SCREWED UP.
LOOK AT THE NEEDLE...
SHE'S RIGHT OFF THE
DIAL, MAN.

STRONG
READIN' DOWN
HERE...

YEAH...
I KNOW, I KEEP
LOSING TRACK OF
TIME, TOO, WORLD'S
A FUNNY PLACE
THESE DAYS,
ENNIT?

EVER SINCE
THAT JASPERS
BLOKE GOT
IT.

DID YOU HEAR,
THEY'VE STARTED
CALLING HIM 'MAD
JIM' UP AT WEST-
MINSTER. MAKES
YOU THINK,
DUNNIT?

WELL,
THIS IS
IT...

BLOODY
HELL...

ALAN MOORE
&
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
S. CRADDOCK
LETTERER
TIM HAMPSON
EDITOR

... HERE IN THESE CAVERNS,
THESE MASSIVE CAVERNS...

WHAT'S THAT?

... WHERE EACH STALACTITE, EACH OUTCROP OF ROCK IS LACED WITH THE MIRACULOUS CIRCUITRY OF A MACHINE NEAR-ORGANIC IN COMPLEXITY.

IT'S BEEN RECOVERING, MENDING, LEARNING, ABSORBING...

IT'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE NOW.

UH, TONY, PASS ME A NEURAL GRENADE, WOULDJA? THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A BIT 'VAN 'ARD CASE...

OH, I DUNNO. YOU SHOULD TRY TALKIN' TO IT. YOU NEVER KNOW...

P'RAPS IT'LL GIVE UP.

IT'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE NOW...

U
A
A
R
R





LONDON.



YOU MADE IT, GOOD.

DID YOU GET ANY MEDICINE? ALISON'S FEVERISH AGAIN...



A LITTLE PENICILLIN, SOME TRANQUILISERS.

'BETH USED HER PRECOG TALENT TO TELL US WHEN IT WAS SAFE TO RAID A CHEMISTS...

WE HEARD SIRENS, I THOUGHT...

OF COURSE I'M NOT ALRIGHT! ENGLAND'S GONE INSANE, THERE'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS, STORM TROOPERS, CURFEWS...

ELISABETH? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

...AND HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN LIKE THIS? DAYS? OR MONTHS? HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN EXISTING LIKE THIS?

I DON'T REMEMBER ANY MORE!

NOTHING'S ALRIGHT.


NOTHING...



THIS IS
WHAT IT WAS
LIKE...

... BACK ON
EARTH 238 BEFORE
THE REALITY
BREAKDOWN.


YES.
I KNOW.



IT'S THIS EARTH'S
VERSION OF JIM JASPERS.
HE'S GOING THE SAME WAY
AS HIS PARALLEL WORLD
PREDECESSOR.


REALITY'S
STARTING TO
BEND AND WARP.
EVENTS HAPPEN
OUT OF
SEQUENCE...

WE CAN'T
LET IT HAP-
PEN AGAIN.
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO SOME-
THING.



SATURNYNE, YOU
SAID THAT LAST TIME.
"YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOME-
THING." YOU SAID IT ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE YOU
SCOOTED OFF, LEAVING ME
AND JACKDAW TO DIE...

NOT ME,
SATURNYNE.
NOT THIS
TIME.



CAPTAIN...
BRIAN, LOOK...

IT'S DIFFERENT
THIS TIME. THE
CHIPS ARE DOWN
NOW. BESIDES, I NO
LONGER HAVE THE
POWER TO LEAVE.

WE'D ALL BE
STANDING BE-
HIND YOU THIS
TIME.



OH REALLY?



JASPERS-
ELECTION
LANDSLIDE!



IT'S ABOUT THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, I TAKE IT?

MY GOD.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

HAHAHAH
HAHAHA!!

"CAN I DO YOU NOW, SIR?" KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I FEEL YOUNG! ALIVE!
I WANT...TO DANCE!!

LET'S TWIST AGAIN, VIXEN, LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER...

JENNIFER...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS...

... BUT KILL IT.

QUICKLY.

DOMINATRIX, I...

... DON'T ...FEEL ... TOO...

GUH.



UH...
WAIT.
LISTEN.

I'VE GOT
A PROPOS-
ITION.

A PROPOS-
ITION? VIXEN,
AREN'T YOU A
LITTLE TOO OLD
TO BE PROPOS-
ITIONING
PEOPLE?

NOW...
COME TO
JIMMY...

NO! NO,
PLEASE...



... BUT SHE FEELS.
HER BONES START
TO FLOW AND
CONTRACT...

... AND HIS
HANDS KEEP
GETTING
NEARER...

... AND BIGGER...



THERE...

NOW,
ISN'T THAT
BETTER?

OH, A
FOUR-LEGGED
FRIEND, A
FOUR-LEGGED
FRIEND...

SHE'LL
NEVER LET YOU
DO-OWN...

... AND IF SHE RE-
MEMBERED HOW,
SHE WOULD VERY
MUCH LIKE TO
SCREAM.



IT'S ENGLAND...



...NOT THAT YOU'D EVER KNOW.



THE SKY IS TORN,
THE LANDSCAPE IS
RAPED AND RAW,

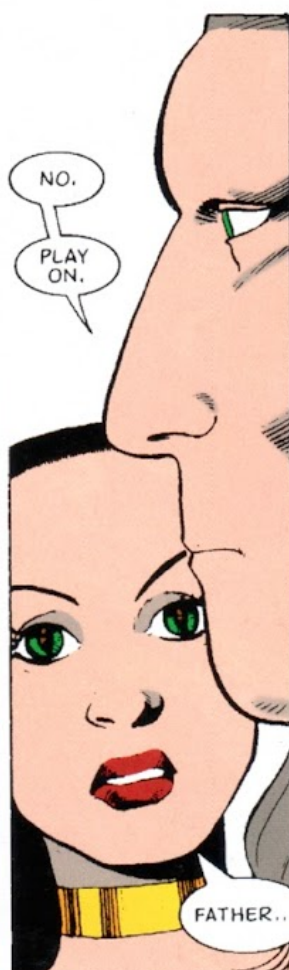
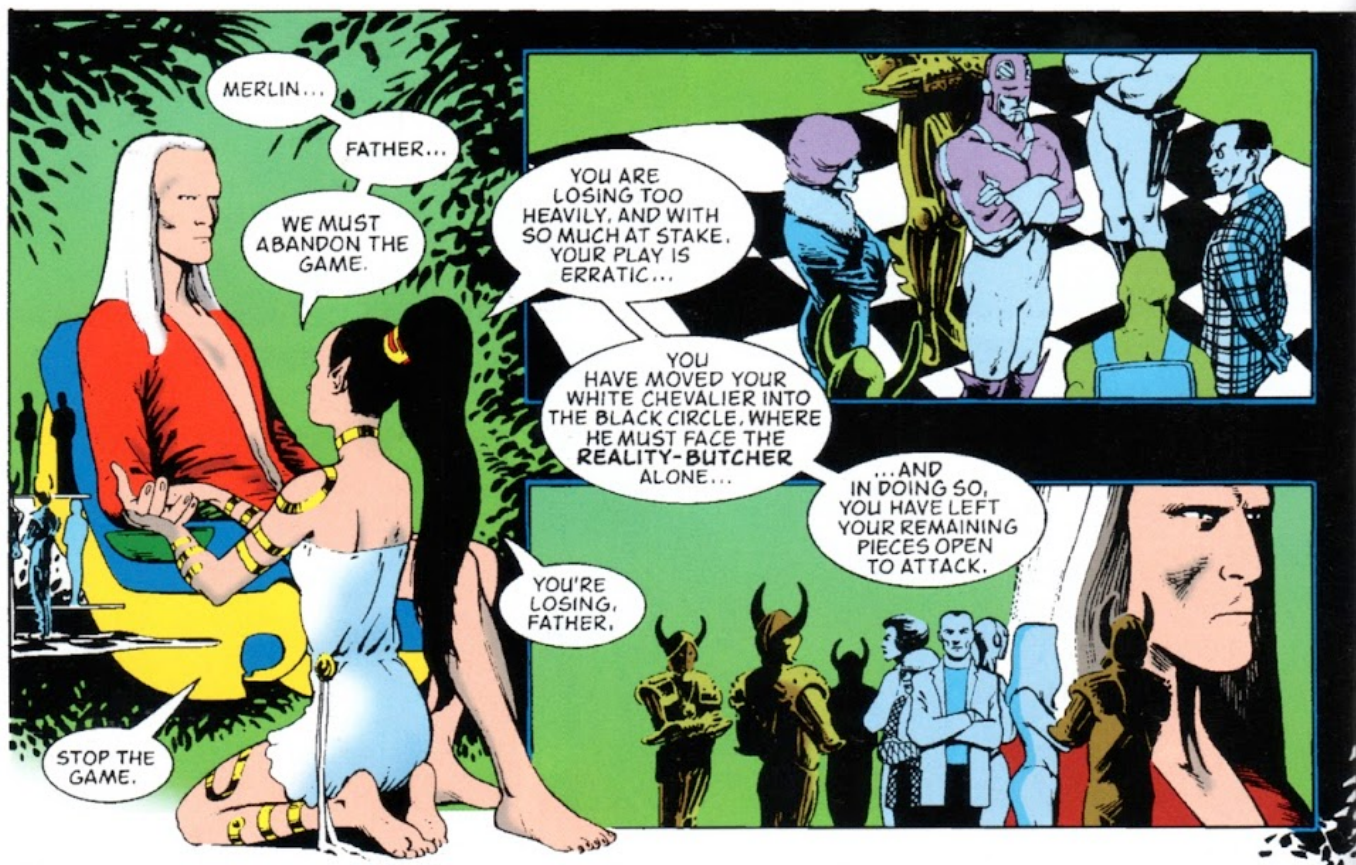


THE NIGHT IS CURDLED
WITH NIGHTMARES.



IT'S STILL HIS
COUNTRY.

NEXT > MADWAR!





CO-CREATORS
MOORE + DAVIS
LETTERER
CRADDOCK
EDITOR
HAMPSON

...SURELY HE'D HAVE SAID SOMETHING? INSTEAD OF JUST WALKING OUT ON US...

TOM?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THERE'S...



... SOMEONE COMING...



ELIZABETH, GET OUT OF HERE. TAKE ALISON.

THERE'S THE EXIT AT THE TOP OF THE CELLAR STAIRS...

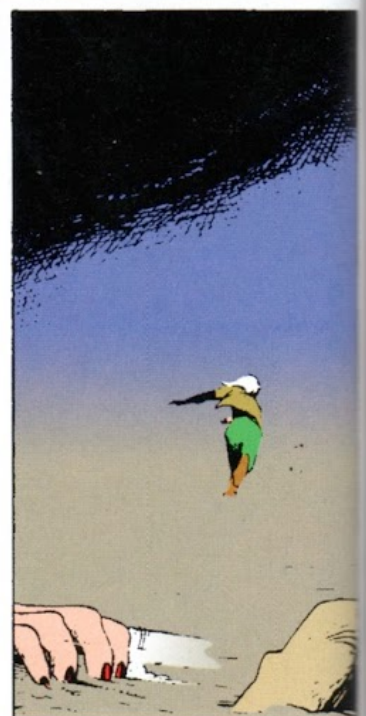


TOM...

I SAID GET OUT OF HERE! ALL OF YOU!



I'LL KEEP THEM BUSY.







"I STRETCHED YOUR SANITY TO BREAKING POINT TO PREPARE YOU FOR A UNIVERSE REDUCED TO Slobbering IDIOCY."

"I SENT YOU TO A LESSER EARTH THAT FACED A LESSER MENACE THAN HE WHOSE FORTRESS YOU NOW APPROACH..."

"AND YOU WERE DEFEATED."

"AND YOU WERE KILLED,"

"AND WHAT OF THIS TIME?"

"HAVE I RAISED YOU UP AGAIN ONLY TO SEE YOU RETURN TO THE DUST FOREVER?"

"NO."

"HIS COUNTERPART COULD AT LEAST BE HALTED, EVEN IF IT MEANT DESTROY HIS ENTIRE CONTINUUM."

"THIS ONE IS NOT SO EASILY CONTAINABLE."

"YOU CANNOT FAIL. THIS VERSION OF JASPERS IS TOO POWERFUL, TOO DANGEROUS..."

"...AND IF HE CANNOT BE DEFEATED, THEN THE OMNIVERSE SHALL FALL INTO CHAOS..."

"...AND A NEW AND HOSTILE GOD SHALL PLAY DICE WITH MATTER."

"YOU FACE IT ALONE..."

"THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT YOU WERE CREATED FOR."







...LOST IN THE
FUNHOUSE!



NEXT
ANARCHY
IN THE U.K.



SHE TOOK OFF HER COAT WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, AND LIKEWISE THE SHIRT. THE TRAPPED LOOK IN HER EYES GREW MORE INTENSE...



THERE WAS AN ARGUMENT ABOUT THE JEANS. SHE CRIED AND WANTED TO KEEP THEM ON.



NO DICE.



FINE, NOW THE HELMET.

PLEASE... I FEEL SICK... I CAN'T...



THE HELMET!!



THERE.

THAT'S BETTER.

THERE WAS NO
TURNING BACK
NOW.

CO-CREATORS-
ALAN MOORE
+ ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER-
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR-
T. HAMPSON

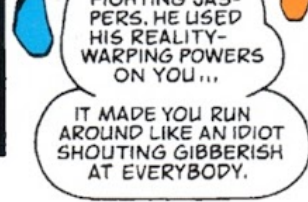
NOT FOR
ANYBODY.

ANARCHY IN THE UK





AREN'T YOU DEAD? WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?



NOTHING WAS PERS. HE USED HIS REALITY-WARPING POWERS ON YOU...

IT MADE YOU RUN AROUND LIKE AN IDIOT SHOUTING GIBBERISH AT EVERYBODY.



THE CRAZY GANG WITH THEIR MARBLED EYES

AND YET...



JACKDAW?

WHEN DID I TELL YOU THAT MY PARENTS WERE DEAD?



JACKDAW? ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER ME?

OKAY. THAT...



...TEARS IT?





AND FRACTURED SMILES,
THE JUNKYARD THING
WITH DEAD CARS ON ITS
BREATH...

AND YET...



BRIAN?



OH
GOD.

NURSE!
NURSE, HE'S
AWAKE!!

UH...



WHAT?
BUT HE CAN'T
POSSIBLY
HAVE...

OH BRIAN, YOU'RE
BACK. OH GOD, I
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT...

OH, OH MY
GOODNESS.



THIS IS EXTRA-
ORDINARY, I'LL
GO AND FETCH
THE DOCTOR AT
ONCE, MRS.
BRADDOCK.

MRS...?

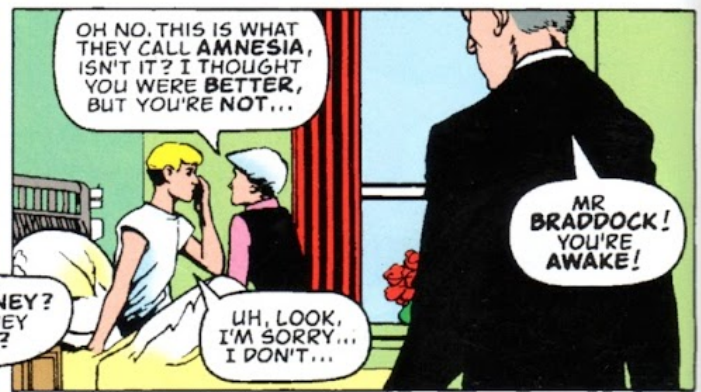
SHE CALLED
YOU MRS.
BRADDOCK?



WELL WHAT
ELSE SHOULD
SHE CALL ME?
SHE...

UH... BRIAN...
YOU DO REMEMBER
ME, DON'T YOU?
COURTNEY, YOUR
WIFE, COURTNEY...

COURTNEY?
COURTNEY
ROSS?



OH NO, THIS IS WHAT
THEY CALL AMNESIA,
ISN'T IT? I THOUGHT
YOU WERE BETTER,
BUT YOU'RE NOT...

MR
BRADDOCK!
YOU'RE
AWAKE!

UH, LOOK,
I'M SORRY...
I DON'T...



BUT HE CAN'T
REMEMBER ANY-
THING, DOCTOR! HE
CALLED ME BY MY
MAIDEN NAME!

HE PROBABLY



I SEE, I'D
BETTER ADMIN-
ISTER A SEDATIVE,
THIS WON'T HURT,
MR BRADDOCK...

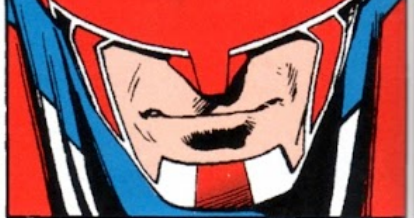
WAIT!
WHERE
AM I?

WHAT
WAS THAT
ABOUT
DARK...

...DARK..



DO GO ON,
CAPTAIN...





I TELL YOU, CAPTAIN, IT'S ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH AND IF YOU DIDN'T LAUGH YOU'D CRY. CRY AND YOU CRY ALONE, CAPTAIN! LAUGH? I THOUGHT I'D...



YOU'RE A **BLASPHEMY**, JASPERS. YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!

YOU'RE TOO **MONSTROUS** TO LIVE!

OH COME NOW, CAPTAIN...



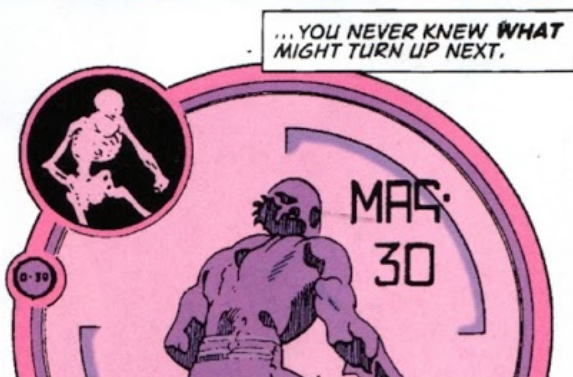
ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY CALL A 'STRAW MAN ARGUMENT'?

REALLY, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SORTED THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF, DON'T YOU?

...THE SHEEP FROM THE GOATS...

...THE MEN FROM THE BOYS...

...THE NAKED...





PRIMARY TARGET
LOCATED+TERMIN-
ATION SEQUENCE
COMMENCED+++



NEXT >
FOOLSMATE

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THERE IS NOTHING
GRACEFUL IN THE
WAY IT MOVES.

IT RUNS LIKE A RETARDED
CHILD... A FLAILING ENGINE
OF UNHINDERED FORCE,
NOT DESIGNED TO MEET
HUMAN STANDARDS OF
POISE AND BEAUTY.



AND VERY STRONG

BUT IT IS VERY FAST

...AND VERY STRONG.

IT IS A BEAST OF SINGULAR
PURPOSE.

ITS PURPOSE IS TO FIND,
ITS PURPOSE IS TO FOLLOW,

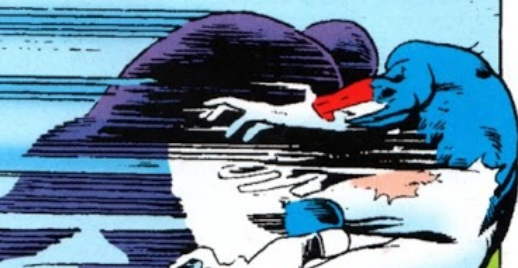
AND TO CATCH.

AND TO KILL.

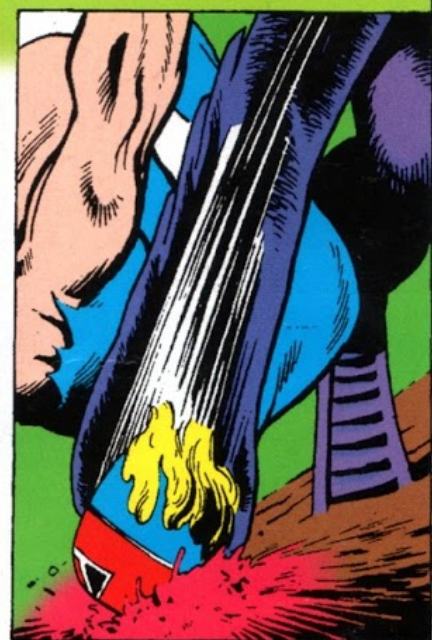
REALLY, IT DOESN'T
CARE WHAT IT LOOKS
LIKE.

**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

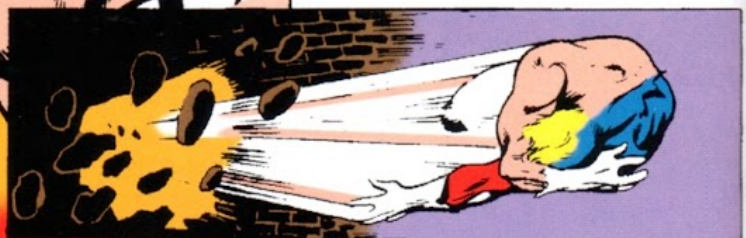
FOOLSMATE



CO-CREATORS-
ALAN MOORE
& ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER-
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR-
TIM HAMPSON



ELSEWHERE, A CROOKED GOD
REVIEWS HIS PARADISE OF RUINS.
HE FEELS SO ANGRY THAT HE
WANTS TO GO TO SLEEP.



HE IS LONELY, BUT HE
IS ALSO GOD...





... AND HE MAKES FRIENDS EASILY.



I MADE YOU.





JASPERS+





HE HAD CREATED IT
TO DESTROY EVERY
SUPERBEING IN ITS
CONTINUUM...

...EXCEPT JASPERS HIMSELF.



IT HAD WANTED TO KILL
JASPERS, BUT ITS PRO-
GRAMMING SAID NO.



AN ENZYME
DRIBBLES.

A SINE-WAVE
OSCILLATES.

IT CONSIDERS.



FOREIGNERS!
I ASK YOU...



OH, HELLO,
WHAT'S THIS HE'S
DOING?

SHAKE HANDS?
YOU WANT SHAKE
HANDS GREAT WHITE
GOD FROM OVER
WATER?

HMM?



OOOWUH...

OOOOH...

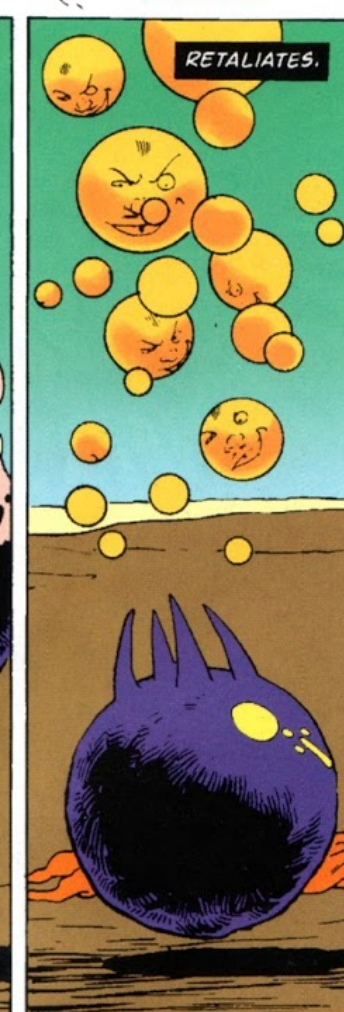
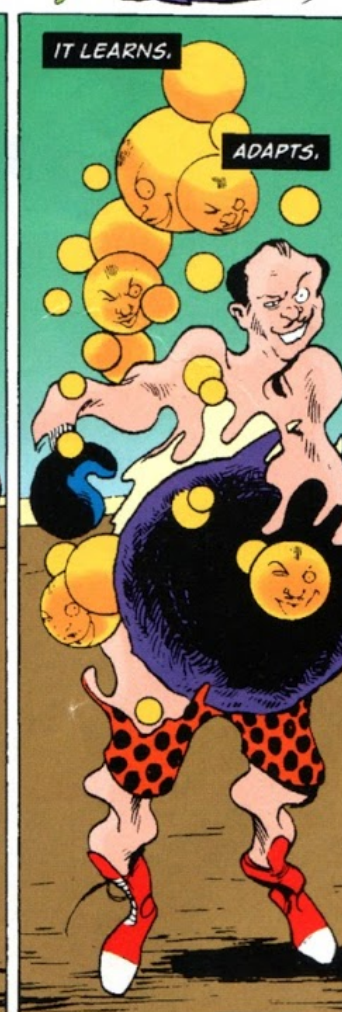


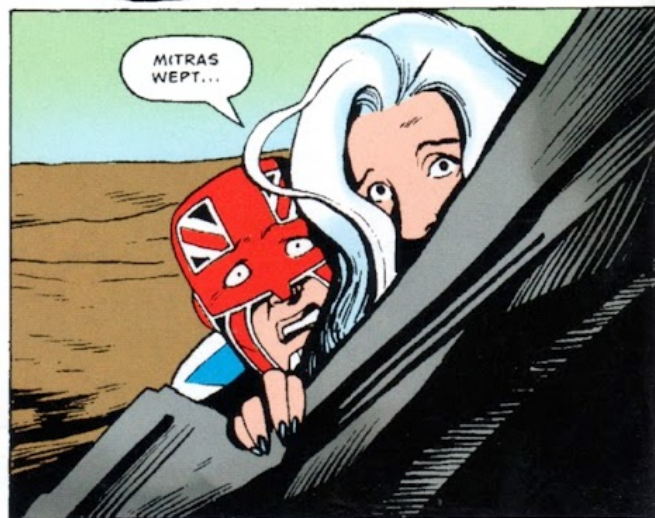
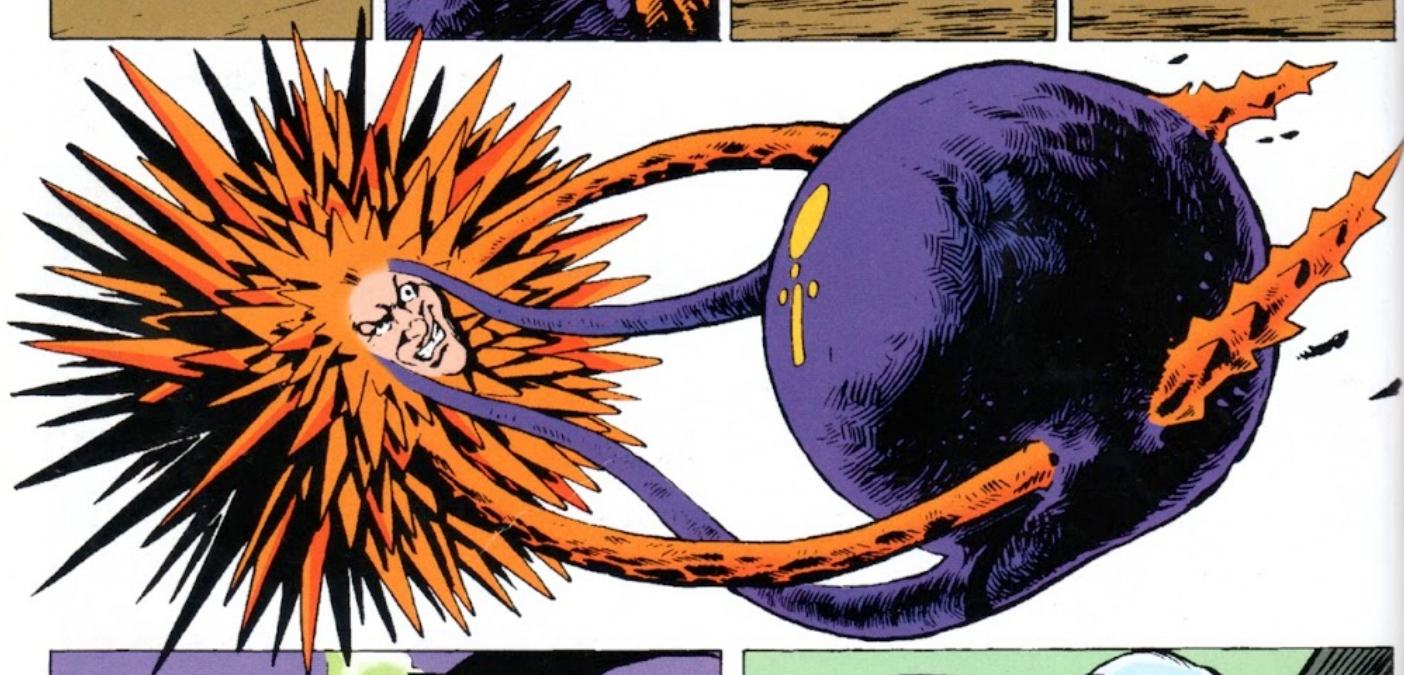
NUH...

NNUH...



NNOOUW...





ELSEWHERE...



THE GAME'S
DISINTEG-
RATING!

BUT THE
MULTIVERSE
DEPENDS UPON THE
GAME! THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAID...

IS THIS
THE END,
FATHER?

YOU'VE
LOST, HAVEN'T
YOU?

WE'VE
ALL
LOST!



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THE CHAMPION, COME TO
SAVE THE EARTH, LIES
FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT.
HIS FLAG IS RIPPED, AND
DYED WITH RUSTED
BLOOD.



AMIDST THE FUSED AND SHIFTING RUINS OF THE WORLD, THE MONSTERS BATTLE.

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS:



BREATHING, BUT BARELY...

THE ASYLUM-GOD TRANSMOG-
RIFIES INTO A METAL CLOUD.

THE CLOUD BECOMES A
HARP OF MOLTEN GLASS.

THE GLASS GROWS
FEATHERS, SPROUTS
TEETH, EXTENDS
LUMINOUS CLAWS...



...AND TRIES TO KILL THE
THING THAT CANNOT DIE.



THE
SPECTATORS
GAPE...



...OR HIDE THEIR
FACES.



STONE BECOMES WOOD,
BECOMES GAS, BECOMES
BUTTERFLIES. THIS PLACE
BECOMES THAT PLACE...

CAPTAIN

BRITAIN



THIS IS HOW
IT ENDS:

ENDGAME

CO-CREATORS-
ALAN MOORE
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER-
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR-
CHRIS GILL

SWITCH.

SWITCH.

THE OCEAN BED.

SWITCH.

THE SURFACE OF THE SUN.



THEY ARE ON THE MOON.

IT EXTENDS ROOTS DEEP INTO THE GREY DUST, TO ACT AS GRAVITY ANCHORS. THE BLISTER ON ITS CHEST BURSTS, SPEWING OUT LIQUID NITROGEN...

IT INCREASES THE PRESSURE WITHIN ITS BODY TO MATCH THAT OUTSIDE. IT GROWS AN EXTRA NERVOUS SYSTEM TO COPE WITH THE DATA-LOAD. QUILLS RIP ITS FLESH. IT ABSORBS THEM...



IF IT HAD NOT RECENTLY ASSIMILATED A LARGE COMPUTER IT WOULD, PERHAPS, BE DEAD BY NOW. IT REFLECTS ON THIS AS IT ADJUSTS ITS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE.

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SWITCH.

IT HAS PASSED THROUGH SUCH A NON-PLACE RECENTLY, ON THE WAY TO THIS WORLD

THE JASPER-THING



A RIVER OF TAR
IN A LANDSCAPE
OF CHROMIUM.

FACT+THE JASPERS-THING
CAN ALTER REALITY AT
WHIM+++QUER++WHAT IF
THERE WERE NO REALITY
TO ALTER?++



FROM ITS WORLD OF ORIGIN.
UN-SPACE...

SWITCH.

A PLAIN OF
FUSED AND
CRYPTIC
FLESH.



THE JASPERS-THING
BECOMES A MOTH-
FISH WITH WINGS LIKE
RAZORS, BUT IT DOES
NOT RELAX ITS GRIP.

IT PRIMES ITS OWN
WARP CIRCUITS. A
MUSCLE CONTRACTS.
A PROGRAM
COMMENCES...



SWITCH.

UN-SPACE.

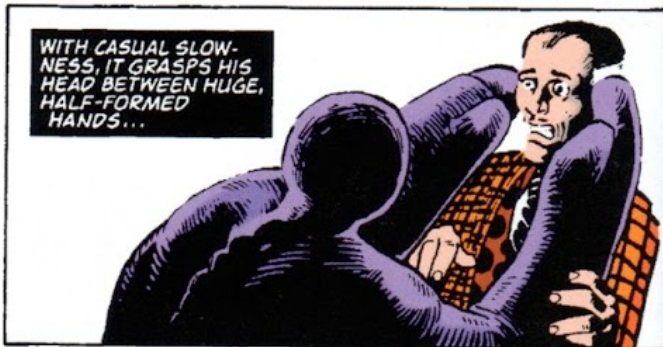
WHERE THERE IS
NOTHING...



NOTHING
AT ALL.



THE SCULPTOR
OF REALITY
HAS RUN OUT
OF CLAY.



WITH CASUAL SLOW-
NESS, IT GRASPS HIS
HEAD BETWEEN HUGE,
HALF-FORMED
HANDS...



...AND THEN IT GROWS
A SLENDER FILAMENT
CONNECTING ITS RIGHT
INDEX FINGER TO ITS
LEFT INDEX FINGER,
PASSING THROUGH THE
CRANIUM OF THE
JASPERS-THING...

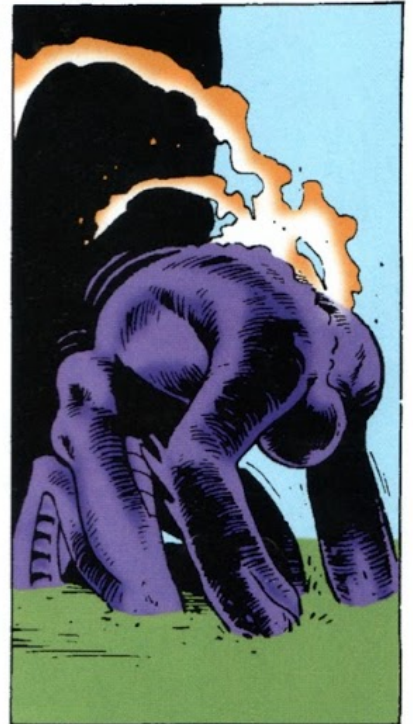


...AND THEN IT
INCINERATES HIS
BRAIN.

THIS IS HOW
IT ENDS:

SWITCH.

LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE COMING
BACK!



THE ONE WITH THE
MOUSTACHE... THE
ONE WHO CREATED
US... HE LOOKS
DEAD!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE OTHER
THING? IT'S INJURED.
PERHAPS WE
BETTER FINISH
IT OFF...

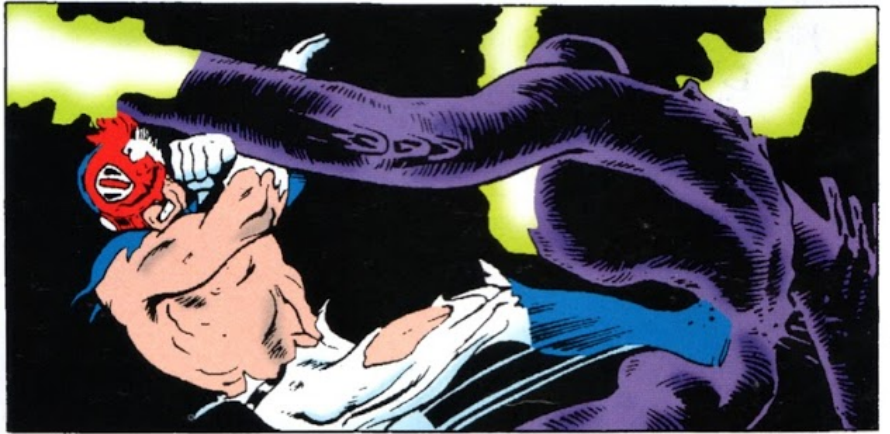
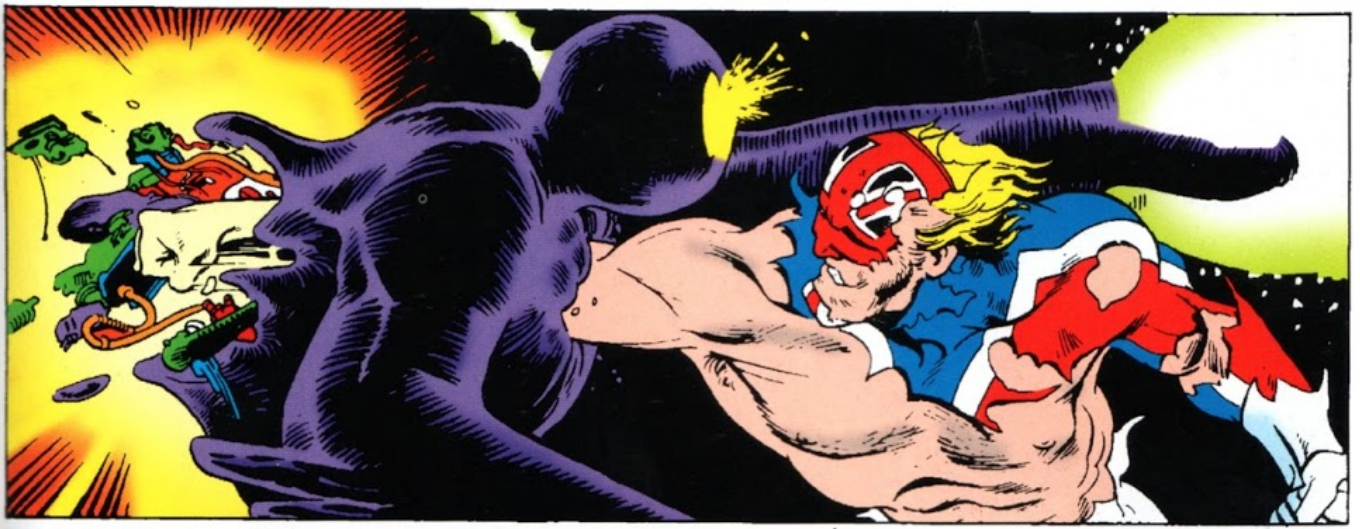
ORF
WIV ITS
'EAD!



YUK.

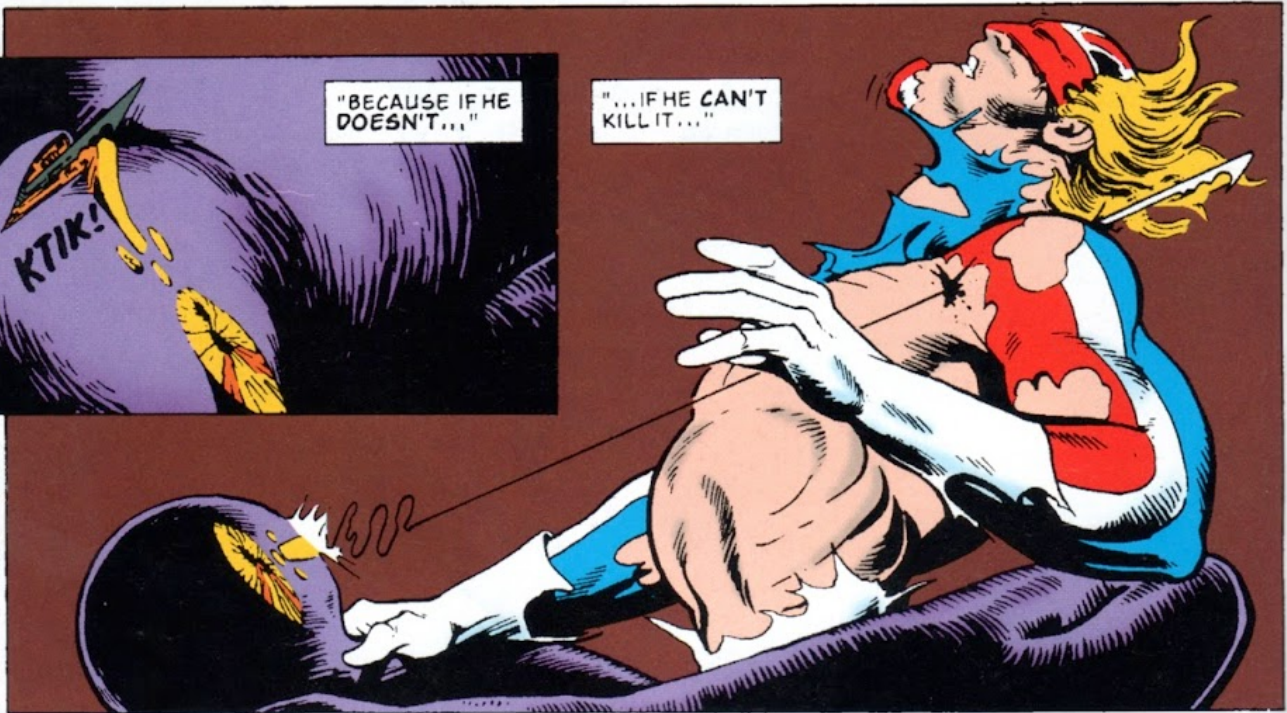








"...IF HE CAN'T KILL IT..."







...AND SHE SCREAMS
AND SHE RIPS AND SHE
GOUGES AND SCREAMS,
AND THE BLACK STUFF,
THE FEAR, THE POISON
HATRED, IT ALL COMES
SCREECHING UP OUT
OF HER THROAT AT
ONCE...



SHE IS CRYING, SHE
IS HOWLING, EVERY
FOUL WORD, EVERY
CURSE SHE CAN
REMEMBER...

STEEL FINGERS SINK-
ING THROUGH RANCID
PURPLE FLESH, SHE
GRASPS ITS SPINE
AND BEGINS TO PULL...



IT STARTS TO
SHRIEK...



...AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN ITS EXISTENCE,
UNDERSTANDS THE
CONCEPTION OF
ANNIHILATION.

...AND
GIVES UP.



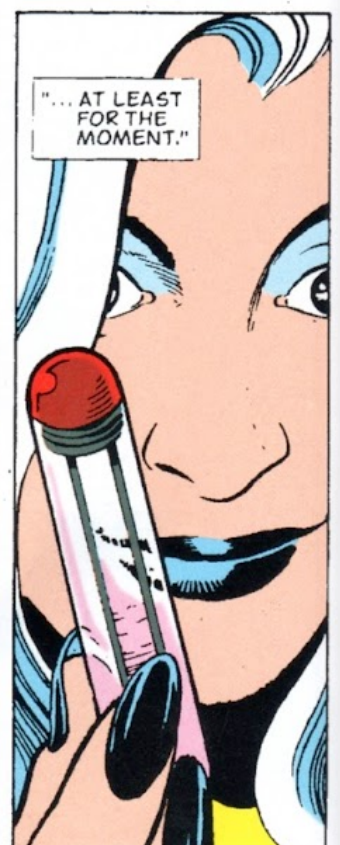
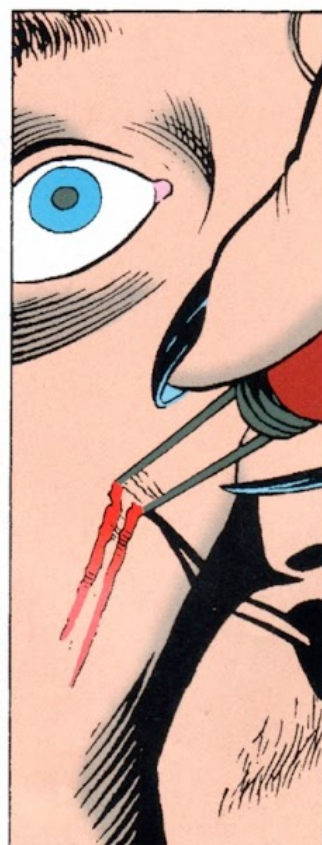
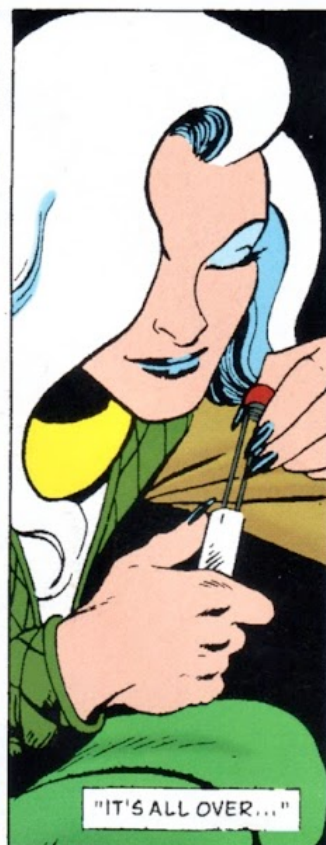
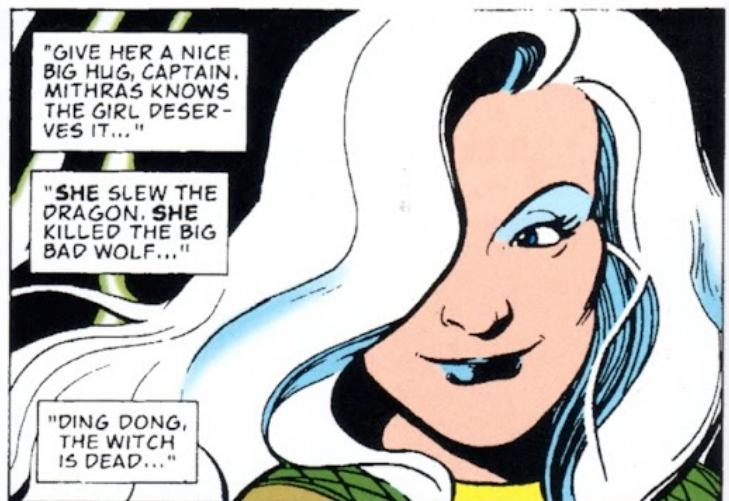
LINDA...



IT'S
DEAD,
LINDA.

IT'S
BEEN DEAD
FOR TEN
MINUTES.

YOU
KILLED
IT.







EPILOGUE:

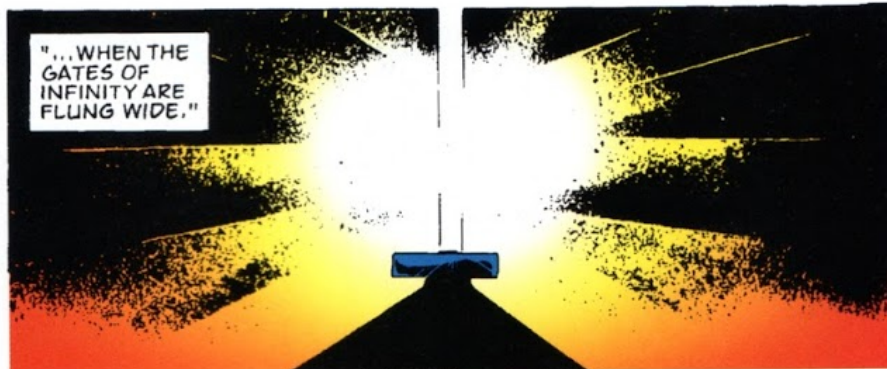


CAPTAIN BRITAIN

ALAN MOORE
& ALAN DAVIS
- CO-CREATORS
S. CRADDOCK
- LETTERER
CHRIS GILL
- EDITOR

a
funeral on
Otherworld









PLEASE
BE SEATED,
CAPTAIN.

THIS
MUST ALL BE
VERY STRANGE
TO YOU...



FOR BOTH OF
US, MY LADY.

THIS DOESN'T
RESEMBLE THE OTHER-
WORLD THAT I SAW WHEN
YOU GRANTED ME MY POWERS,
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.



THERE WERE
MINARETS,
THEN...

AND MYRR,
YOUR LATE FATHER,
HE LOOKED DIFFERENT,
TOO. HE HAD RED
HAIR...

MYRR?
YOU MEAN
MERLIN?

NO...
HE USED TO
HAVE WHITE
HAIR AND A
BEARD...

PLEASE...



MY FATHER, LIKE
HIS FATHER BEFORE
HIM, HAD MANY NAMES
AND MANY FACES. LET
HIS SECRETS DIE
WITH HIM.

IT IS YOU
AND THE DEBT
THAT WE OWE YOU
THAT I AM COME
TO DISCUSS.

WHAT
SERVICE DO
YOU CRAVE?



SERVICE?
BUT I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING...

YOU DID.
YOU WERE THE
BAIT THAT LURED THE
CYBIOTE TO JASPERS.
I UNDERSTAND
THAT NOW.

IS THERE
NO GIFT YOU
DESIRE? NO KNOW-
LEDGE THAT
YOU SEEK?



MY
SISTER.

MY
SISTER AND
MY PLANET.

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO THEM?









NEVER
THE END.

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MARVEL

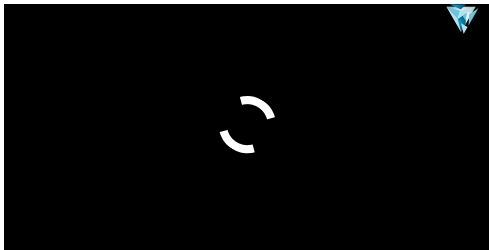


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Zuuda • a year ago

Page ten: 'But their dead' Crrrrrringe.

1 ^ | v • Reply • Share ›



Johnny Fountains • 2 years ago

oh it's betsy
nice and sexy

1 ^ | v • Reply • Share ›



jeremy craig-weston • a year ago

I love this for all sorts of reasons; but perhaps the most poignant is it's old, (before he got so pompous and pretentious,) classic Alan Moore storytelling; a damn good yarn told with flair and enthusiasm, that rollicks along and carries the reader with it + Alan Davis drawing it.

I forgotten how good this, by now quite old stuff actually is.

^ | v • Reply • Share ›



site full of crazies → **jeremy craig-weston** • a year ago

We meet again

2 ^ | v • Reply • Share ›



Henrik Magnusson • 2 years ago

Love it, I've wanted to read the original Jaspers Warp for years

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